THE

CATHOLIC RECORD.

Vol. XIII.—JUNE, 1877.—No. 74.

AN UNMISTAKABLE SIGN.*

In that book, dear to many Catholic hearts, and dear also to many hearts that are not yet Catholic, but for whom it constitutes a call to love the Catholic faith, "A Sister's Story," there occurs, in the account of the death of Olga de la Ferounays, at Brussels, the names of certain friends whom she loved and longed for, and whom she calls "my dear Narischkins." They were two sisters, Catherine and Nathalie, of a Russian family, whom she had known in Naples, and she had reason to hope that they would come to Brussels to be with her once more before she died. Her hope was vain.

"Our blessed sister," writes Mme. Craven, "departed from this world at one o'clock. At two (and what a shock it gave me!) I received a note from Nathalie Narischkin, to say that *they were coming to see Olga!* This seemed dreadful at the first moment, but the God of all peace calmed our hearts, and our sister's beloved friends felt as we did the sweetness of praying by that dear and holy body. They could not tear themselves away from that chamber of death, and thus it was that they saw Olga again. At this time, these friends, whom Olga had so earnestly wished to see before she died, and whose conversion to her own faith she had yet more earnestly desired, were both members of the Greek Church. They spent the whole of that first day, and also the ensuing night, beside her whom they had so dearly loved, praying with my mother. Who can tell what passed between those pure and fervent souls in prayer on earth and the Blessed Spirit hovering over them? These mysteries are hidden from us; all we do know is that the future realized beyond all hope the desires which Olga had carried up with her to heaven, and both her friends became Catholics. Nathalie, the youngest and best beloved, was called to the highest lot of all, and a few years afterwards put on the habit of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul. That habit she has now worn for seventeen years, and I fain would speak of the position she holds in that holy army, and the reverence and affection she inspires within and without its ranks, did I not fear to wound the humility

* La Sœur Nathalie Narischkin. Par Mme. Augustus Craven.—*The Dublin Review* for January, 1877.

of one who may perhaps peruse these pages."

On the 5th of August, 1874, the death of Sister Nathalie Narischkin put an end to this need of reserve in regard to her holy life, and Mme. Craven has been able freely to trace for us its course from beginning to end. Having no other translation of the work into English, we must ask our readers to be content with our own for a few extracts to illustrate this article.

Nathalie was, then, a Russian, and though spending most of her life outside of her native country, she retained a warm affection for it, as her biographer testifies. Yet that great ancient Greek Church into which she was baptized failed to keep the soul of its lovely child—a soul so beautiful that it was thus described by one who was speaking of her as she appeared while still she tarried outside the truth: "I was struck by the modest and recollected expression which she wore everywhere, even at a ball, often in the midst of fêtes which were given at my father's. She left the *salon* with my sister, and both went into the chapel to give some moments to recollection and prayer. Her image has always remained in my remembrance, beaming with purity, simplicity and humility."

Steadily and bravely Nathalie took the great step of separation, resolved, she says, "to accept everything in the future, rather than die outside of the true Church, the Church that cannot fail, and against which the gates of hell shall never prevail."

In Venice, on the 15th of August, 1844, she pronounced her abjuration. "I am a Catholic," she writes joyfully to friends in the very order to which she was afterwards to belong. "I am happy at last! Yes, happy to be in the fold, but sorry to be so unworthy. This morning at eight o'clock I abjured schism. Thank the good God for me!" In 1849 she became a Sister of Charity, and in 1874 she died.

That life of earnest, patient, loving obedience is known, and is dear to her Order and to her most dear Lord. But it gives a special lesson, which one prays that all Protestants, and in this connection peculiarly all so-called Ritualists and mistaken claimants of that creed, more CATHOLIC, would ponder well:

"Resolved to accept everything in the future rather than die outside of the true Church, the Church that cannot fail, and against which the gates of hell shall never prevail."

"Patriotism is, for the Russians," says Mme. Craven, "a feeling so deep that it is very rare to find it weakened among them by any exterior circumstance whatsoever. This love lasted to the end with Nathalie. Separated from her native soil almost at her birth, clad in that *luré* and that *cornette* proscribed in Russia, which rendered her a Frenchwoman, and practicing besides, to a very high degree, complete detachment from all human things."

Her fellow-countrywoman and fellow-convert, Mme. Swetchine, could write, when, nineteen years after her conversion, her husband was exiled from St. Petersburg and Moscow: "I will not forget in my wretchedness that I am a Russian in the midst of France. God knows if I have ever forgotten it, or if a murmur, or a complaint, or even a criticism, of my sovereign has escaped me. I can lift up my head, and say this with a clear conscience. Under present circumstances I am more than ever desirous that no word or deed of mine should belie my real feelings. In the spirit of my religion I find a double motive for obedience. My submission has no element of servility; it is free, like all that springs from the conscience; it is not even a yoke of necessity. But whatever he (the Emperor) commands, he shall find in us submissive

subjects, faithful and full of reverence for a will wherein they read the will of Heaven."

So of Sister Nathalie Narischkin, it is testified, that "nothing which related to Russia was ever indifferent to her; she was interested in everything and in everybody. Her heart, so detached from things of this world, throbbed always at the name of her country. This feeling, so lively among Russians, in reality only increased with her, as, growing more and more in spiritual things, she could better compare the past with the present and more surely judge of the future. She saw now that all which the Greek Church had given her at the beginning of her life had been confirmed and developed by the Catholic Church, and completed finally by the religious life; only the dogmas, which she had always believed, she maintained now with greater firmness, for she believed besides in the visible seal of an infallible authority which was their Divine guarantee. And these two Churches, so made to form but one, were separated; and separated to such a degree that, if she had appeared in Russia in the habit which she wore she would have been pursued by law; so separated that her soul's onward movement in Divine knowledge placed her, in her own country, in a proscribed category. Was this just? Was it logical? Was it conceivable? Surely not; yet such was the case, and in order that it might no longer be so, we may, without speaking lightly, say that Sister Nathalie would unhesitatingly have shed the last drop of her blood. So, when Father Schoucouloff, a Russian like herself, a convert like herself, and vowed like her to the religious life, had given to this desire a definite form. When an association of prayers was formed to second it, and which appealed to all Catholic hearts, there was not one upon earth which responded more favorably to this appeal than that of Sister Nathalie. This desire of propagating the truth, natural to all those who have embraced it, has something peculiar for the Greeks. To see the fatal barrier fall which separates the Church of the East from that of the West, to hear them designated, both together, by that one word, the CHURCH! no one can ever comprehend what is the ardor of that wish in the heart of Russians who possess at one and the same time the love of the truth and the love of their fatherland!

"But at this point, it is impossible for us not to remark here how surprising are the temptations to union which we see to-day between the Greek Church and Protestantism. This was an alliance which was repugnant to the clear mind of Nathalie, even previous to her conversion, and which it regarded as impossible and absurd. Indeed, does not the simplest reflection suffice to prove that by uniting herself to the Catholic Church, the Greek Church would preserve the traditions of her venerable antiquity, and the august dogmas which she possesses, and that, at the same time, ceasing to be local and becoming universal, she would recover the power of expansion and of evangelization which she has lost since schism isolated her? In this case, one could compare her to a princess of lofty birth who finds again in the family to which she belongs the royal rank from which she had fallen. But, truly, to ally herself to Protestantism would be for her the worst of mésalliances; it would be like a princess marrying an upstart, and renouncing in the levity of her heart all the rights her ancient race and illustrious ancestors gave her!"

Before commenting upon these words, or rather upon this life in the special aspect in which we desire now to regard it, we would call attention first to the able article in the *Dublin Review*, for January, 1877, entitled "St. Josaphat, Martyr of Catholic Unity." It is a notice of a book recently published, "St.

Josaphat, Archevêque de Polock, Martyr de l'Unité Catholique, par le R. P. Dom Alphonse Guépin, Benedictin de la Congrégation de France." The holy prelate whom murderous hands sent to his heavenly reward in 1623, and who not long afterward was beatified by Urban VIII, was canonized by Pius IX in 1867. Marvellous as was his life in its holiness and its deeds, marvellous as was his death in its triumph over his enemies, glorious as is the crown he wears, we yet dare place his name with two quiet lives that ended in our own day, those of Madame Swetchine and Sister Nathalie, to win a teaching from them which is given, though in different measure or manner, by each one. The following account is taken almost without alteration from the review just mentioned:

"The Greek schism has been punished by that abject slavery, of soul and body, which is all the compensation the evil one has to give to those whom he persuades to renounce the Christian liberty to which obedience is the only title, and of which communion with the chair of Peter is the eternal condition. The lot of St. Josaphat was cast in a land to which the emissaries of the Greek schism had found their way. In all ranks and orders, under the fatal influence of that schism, true spiritual life was extinct. It was to reform this dead Church, by reuniting it with the chair of Peter, and restore it to membership with the household of God, that his providence raised up the Apostle St. Josaphat. In early life the sophisms of heresy had reached his ears, but he was not beguiled. The enemies of the Ruthenian Union, the Greek Catholic rite, seemed to triumph, but the youth cried to God to show him the way of truth, and his prayer was answered. 'From that moment,' he said, 'I was filled with such an abhorrence of schism, that every moment I was constrained to repeat the words of the prophet, *I have hated the congregation of the wicked.*'"

He was led by the Holy Spirit to a profound comprehension of the true place in the Divine counsels of those two fundamental Christian truths, the unity of the Church and the authority of the Holy See. He collected all the passages which he found in the liturgies and other Slavonic books attesting the primacy of St. Peter.

In preparing him for the Apostolic mission upon which he was to enter, and enriching him with the highest gifts of wisdom and sanctity, God planted in his soul the jealous love of dogmatic truth and vehement detestation of heresy which St. Basil, St. Cyril, and St. Athanasius, and all the lights of the Eastern Church had displayed before him. With the Slavonic writings in his hands, he plied his adversaries with irresistible arguments in favor of the dogmas professed by the Roman Church, and especially the sacred authority of the Apostolic See, so often proclaimed by Greeks and Orientals, and the indefectible unity of the true Church.

The main question, to which all others were subordinate, and to the elucidation of which the Holy Spirit had bidden this man devote his life, was the supremacy of the Apostolic See. Like all the saints of the Oriental Church, it was the most profound conviction of his soul, that in that supremacy alone, by an imperishable decree of our Divine Lord, was contained the secret both of the unfailing purity of Christian doctrine and of the maintenance for all time of Christian unity. Neither could exist without it. Truth torn to fragments, and the horrible multiplication of schisms, were the notes, in every age, of every community alien from the Roman Church. "Qui odit fratrem suum," said the beloved disciple, "in tenebris est, et in tenebris ambulat, et nescit quo eat;"* and St. Cyprian, who saw that this hate was the ruling passion of formal schismatics, as it is at this hour, denounced the fatal crime of separation from the centre of unity when he bequeathed this lesson to all who should come after him: "Ab arbore frange ramum, fructus germinare non poterit."† The apostle of the

* John 2 : 2. † De Unitate Ecclesiæ.

Ruthenian Church was penetrated with these fundamental truths, of which every new sect, in every land, furnishes a fresh proof; and for this reason he was inspired to dwell without ceasing on that sacred authority of the chair of Peter to which the will of God has inseparably attached the perpetuity of his Church, the unalterable purity of his revelation, and one prominent test of the loyalty and obedience of his creatures. It is not within the compass of human resources to amend the designs of God, and every substitute which man has framed for the Catholic Church has only let loose the torrent of malediction against which that Church was founded as the sole impregnable bulwark,—hate, discord, heresy, and self-will. These are the fruits of schism, with which charity, truth, and unity cannot coexist. In the Church of the Holy Trinity at Wilna, this doctrine was delivered with so much power, and especially the declaration of St. Jerome, "Whoever is outside the Roman Church *profanus est,*" that while many schismatics were converted, others requested that what had been said might be reduced to writing, that so they might ponder it at their leisure. To meet this demand St. Josaphat composed, in 1617, and published, the work entitled "Defence of the Unity of the Church, in which it is demonstrated that the Greek ought to be united to the Latin Church." To this book the schismatics did not so much as attempt to make any reply, since to do so was impossible without denying the traditions of the Eastern Church.

"He is a saint," said the Greek schismatics of St. Joseph, "*let us kill him.*" At Witepsk they openly announced their intention. Entreated by Catholics not to enter the place, the saint answered: "I fear not death, God grant that I may be happy enough to merit the crown of martyrdom," and on the journey he frequently observed: "What better death could I desire than martyrdom for the Sovereign Pontiff?" His wish was fulfilled. On the 12th of November, 1623, the assassins came upon him. "God be with you, my children," he said; "why do you strike my servants? What harm have they done you? If you have anything against me, here I am: leave my people in peace, and do not slay them." There was a momentary hesitation, then two men rushed in, one beat him to the earth, the other buried a hatchet in his forehead; a third discharged a musket at his ear. The mutilated body was used as a table, to eat and drink upon, and then lifting it, the people cried, "Pastor, it is Sunday, preach, then, preach."

The prodigies which accompanied and followed the death of the martyr of unity, attested in every case *by the schismatics themselves,* were a manifestation of Divine power and judgment, in presence of which even these cruel reprobates fell on their faces and cried aloud for mercy. Similar tokens of His acceptance were granted to some of the English martyrs, butchered by Anglican schismatics in the sixteenth century; but in the case of the Ruthenian saint, it may be said, without exaggeration, that the fires of Divine vengeance blazed in the sight of angels and men, while they formed a robe of glory for him who asked from God, in the hour of his triumph, only the conversion of his enemies, and obtained what he asked.

Of the manner in which that prayer was granted, we quote but one example from those cited in the *Dublin Review,* to which we are so indebted for this account. Smotrycki, who was the schismatical rival of St. Josaphat, and who had by his arts and inflammatory discourses brought the holy Archbishop to his death, fled to the East, fearing the sentence which he had merited; but the martyr went with him, and brought even this criminal to repentance and con-

version. Disgusted by the venality and immorality of the schismatical prelates, and finding that the Patriarch of Constantinople was in heart a Calvinist, he went to Jerusalem, but only to fall from one deception to another. Conversing with Theophanes, the false patriarch of that see, by whom he had been himself ordained, he learned from him the secret of the pretended miracle of the "holy fire," an imposture which the present representatives of the Greek schism still repeat every year on Holy Saturday, to the great satisfaction of their fanatical dupes. Theophanes confessed to him, in the freedom of private intercourse, that he lighted with his own hand the fire which he afterwards presented to the sectaries as miraculous. Grief and pain possessed his soul, and, *by his own confession*, a voice, which was never silent day or night, appalled him with this incessant question, "Why persecutest thou me? Consider what thou hast done. All thy writings have outraged the Roman Pontiff, the Catholic faith, the Latin Church. Thou hast cast into hell thousands of souls. What shall be thy own lot?" From that hour Smotrycki understood that "the only means of salvation for the Greek Church, as for himself, was reconciliation with the Church of Rome." He returned to Poland, was received into the Church, and spent the rest of his life, by order of the Sovereign Pontiff, in the monastery of Deiman, in Volhynia, where he endeavored to atone, by writings in defence of Christian unity and the authority of the Holy See, and by unceasing austerities, for the offences of his life. He died with the brief of Urban VIII, which released him from all ecclesiastical censures, in his hand, having requested that he might be buried, "with this proof of his reconciliation with the Roman Church." It was reported to the Metropolitan Rutski, that it was found impossible to remove the brief from his grasp. "If this is a sign from heaven," said the illustrious colleague of St. Josaphat, to himself, "he will obey the command of him who represents in Ruthenia the Catholic Church and the vicar of Christ." At the word of the prelate the hand of the dead penitent opened, and gave up the Pontifical letter. This scene occurred in the presence of many witnesses, and when the document was replaced, the dead hand closed over it once more. "Even in death," says his biographer, "Smotrycki manifested his filial submission to the Holy Apostolic See."

The lesson, then, that we would draw to-day from the luminous, martyr-crowned life of a great Archbishop, and that of a humble Sister of Charity, is one which, passing by all other questions and all other details, goes straight to this vital point —*the visible, tangible, authoritative centre of unity*. Anglicans claim to have Orders; Rome denies it. The Greek Church claims to have Orders; Rome grants it. Yet with neither Greek nor Anglican will she hold communion, unless they submit themselves entirely to her. There is a difficulty which lies beyond the question of Orders and of Sacraments. When Nathalie Narischkin, in her youth and meekness, declared herself "resolved to accept everything in the future rather than to die outside the true Church, the Church that cannot fail, and against which the gates of hell shall never prevail," what very marked difference could careless eyes see between Greece and Rome? Imposing ceremonies, the intercession of the saints, the *cultus* of the Blessed Virgin, penance, absolution, the Eucharist, the veneration of holy images, none of these were new or unaccustomed things to her. Leaving aside the other vital distinctions, which might not be so glaringly plain to the thoughtless or irreligious observer, what point was plain to all, as some-

thing that Rome, and only Rome, could give her?

And when, two hundred years earlier, St. Josaphat lived and died an apostle's life and death, what vital matter held him separate from schismatical monks and prelates, and brought him at last to a violent death because he would not be of their number? What was the great, the essential truth, which he sought of Rome, and which Rome, and only Rome, could give him?

Centuries before this Russian saint or this Russian daughter of St. Vincent de Paul lived, Latin and Greek saints both had given the answer which rings plainly in our ears to-day.

"Come, brethren," says St. Augustine in his Psalm against the Donatists, "come, brethren, if you have a mind to be ingrafted in the vine, it is a pity to see you lopped off in this manner from the stock. Reckon up the prelates in the very see of Peter, and in that order of fathers see which has succeeded him. *This is the rock over which the proud gates of hell prevail not.*"

"I am joined," says St. Jerome, writing to Pope Damasus, Epist. 57, "I am joined in communion with Your Holiness; that is, with the chair of Peter: *upon that rock I know the Church is built: whoever eats the Lamb out of this house is profane;* whosoever is not in this ark shall perish in the deluge."

The unity for which our blessed Lord prayed is no marred or invisible thing, it bears no uncertain token. No power of man set the royal sign-manual upon it, no power of man can take it away. But if that unmistakable sign is to be our eternal profit, it must be pondered upon in the light of the pregnant saying: "Amen, I say to you, whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, shall not enter into it."

The words and lives of these holy Catholics are faithful echoes of our Divine Lord's words whereby he set this unmistakable sign upon his Church forever:

"Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." One only Church stands forth to-day, claiming as she has claimed through all the ages, and showing as through all the ages she alone has shown, the direct successor of St. Peter, visible Head on earth of the Church of God, and Vicar of Christ by the will of Christ himself; and around him her youngest converts and wee little children, her gray-haired saints and her noble martyrs, repeat to-day with thankful triumph what St. Ambrose said fourteen hundred years ago:

"SHOW ME PETER, AND I WILL SHOW YOU THE CHURCH."

THE STUMBLING-BLOCK.

SEVENTY years ago the aristocratic quarter of the goodly city of Boston was not, as now, at the West End; the Gorhams, the Atkinsons, the Perkins', the Carletons had their elegant mansions on and near the eastern of the three hills upon which that far-famed city was originally built. The bluest blood of New England ran in the veins of the inhabitants of Fort Hill in those olden times, until the exodus began, by which the loveliest portion of the city of the Puritans was given up, not only to the poor, but to many who followed "ways that are dark, and tricks that are vain" to gain a livelihood; latterly authority claimed these streets, and this crowning eminence, once famous, was levelled for business purposes; then came the fire fiend with his desolating breath, and scattered all vestiges of the old buildings. The birthplace of Paul Carleton was in this part of Boston, now obliterated, and almost effaced from the memory of man as it stood in the year of our Lord 1800. Paul was born when his parents were past the meridian of life, though they had been many years wedded. The youth had a remembrance in his childhood of a pale delicate girl, much older than himself, with an infant in her arms; but he had not long learned to lisp the name of "sister" when he saw both mother and child laid in one coffin, and his father leaning over them in bitter agony; these were among the earliest recollections of his life, and from that day he remembered his father as cold and stern, and his gentle mother as always very sad. They would never leave the old mansion, the home of Mr. Carleton's ancestors since the settlement of the Massachusetts colony, though their neighbors were gone with the tide of fashion, and they began to feel the inconvenience of the newcomers; what they would have done had they lived to be surrounded with organ-grinders and chimney-sweeps, we cannot tell, for when Paul had reached the age of twenty, his father was brought home from his place of business in a state of unconsciousness from which he never recovered, and his mother, after a year of deep grief, also passed away. Pecuniarily, Paul was in a most excellent position; he had entered the successful business of his father, and had sufficient capital to continue it. His early life had been uneventful and somewhat cheerless, though the loving tenderness of his mother gave him sweet remembrances of his home life. He was a quiet young man of strict integrity, passing among his acquaintance as very grave for a boy, but perfectly trustworthy; an only son of an only son, he had only distant ties of blood, nothing nearer than cousins whom he had never known. Religiously, he had been trained in one of the sects outside the Church, through the darkness of whose creed flashes of Catholic truth stream now and then, like sparkling sunbeams through rifts of dark clouds, across a bleak and rocky seashore in the cheerless days of November.

His early susceptibility to religious impressions gave his mother hope that he would choose the profession of a minister, but his father met this plan with opposition, and his own heart gave but feeble response to his mother's cherished wish. Her death opened to him the secret of the cloud which had tinged everything in his life with a sombre hue; the skeleton that had dwelt in their home, sat at their board, and darkened the days of his parents, made the circle of their acquaintance very nar-

row, and their intimate friends among the things that are not. Among his father's papers, which it was his place to overlook, he found proof that his only sister, the idol of his parents, had been basely betrayed in her youth by her lover, and brought home with her infant to die. Paul, high-spirited and determined, reading the bitter burning words in letters written to his mother, when the father went out to seek his poor misguided daughter who had fled from her home to hide her disgrace, made a vow of vengeance, swearing from the bottom of his heart never to forgive the wrong, never to give up the search till Edmund Sheldon was punished for his crime, never to pause till his right hand was crimson with the blood of the villain. Bitter passions were born in his soul, and his nature, which had much of his mother's gentleness, became stern and cold. He changed his place of residence, removing to New York, that he might more readily prosecute his purpose, and remain himself unknown. For years he directed all his thoughts quietly, covertly, to discover the man who had sullied the fair fame of the old and aristocratic name of Carleton. The only trace he found in many years' diligent searching was the probable departure of the rascal to some indefinite foreign land. Even this slight clue he followed, and spent a long time abroad in seeking the one desire of his heart. He tracked the course of the scapegrace to the gate of a Benedictine monastery, but could get no information from the closed lips of the brotherhood as to the whereabouts of the object of his search. He was obliged to return to his native land, and acknowledge to himself that he had been foiled in the most cherished wish of his soul. Early acquaintances looked upon his wandering life with wonder and inquiry, but he made no sign, simply dropping them one by one as hindrances rather than helps in the one object of his life. He found no counsel or comfort in the religion in which he had been reared, and gradually he ceased all outward worship. He would not own to himself, after fifteen years of inquiry without result, that he had at all abandoned his purpose, only that he held it in abeyance. It was at this time that the good God, whom he had known but blindly, sent his angel to guide him into better paths. Returning from business, his course was obstructed for several evenings by a dense crowd surrounding a Catholic church, which he passed on his way to his lodgings. At first he was indignant with the detention, but on the fourth evening a desire to see what was going on impelled him to push for an entrance with the multitude. He had heard of "missions," but he had not the faintest idea what a mission in a Catholic church could be; indeed, to his mind had never come the question so often asked, "Can any good come out of this Nazareth?" His commanding height and stout arm effected a passage through the throng, and he soon found himself gazing upon the lighted altar with its decorations as he would upon a pretty show; and the music—to his ear it was not artistic. He was touched, however, by the sight of the upturned faces of that vast crowd, breathlessly listening for the first word from the lips of the missionary father. "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul," was the theme of his discourse, and the solemn words with which he told the worth of the soul and the danger of its loss startled Paul out of his usual calm indifference. There was no question what the speaker felt was the most important affair of life, as he begged his hearers to have pity on their immortal souls. "Your souls," he said, "are in your hands to kill them or to let them live; you can crush them in your grasp and smother their convictions, or you can let them fly forth to God in free-

dom and gladness; no one will be the loser by the loss of your souls but yourselves. God will not be less happy, the saints will lose none of their joy if you fail of your salvation; the angels will be as light and blissful, the earth will go on just the same as when you were on it, only you, you yourselves, will feel it, and you will feel it hopelessly."

Paul forgot everything in his eager listening to these plain, simple words, which, sent by the unerring aim of the Holy Spirit, were carrying conviction to his heart. When he came to himself, the congregation had dispersed, and only here and there a group of old women were still at their devotions. It will be a revelation indeed, when we come to know, as we shall, in that great last day, what the pious prayers of these poor despised children of the Church have done for souls. The candles were extinguished, the gas turned off, except about the door, but the ruby light of the sanctuary lamp kept its never-ending watch before the Great Presence, when Paul left the church slowly and thoughtfully. His dreams that night were filled with the startling words he had heard, and "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" rang through his brain like the refrain of some long-forgotten melody. "And this," he said to himself, as he awoke the next morning, "is the teaching of the Catholic Church, which I have heard does not trouble herself about the salvation of souls, and only desires to increase her own numbers and importance; teaching her people, so it is said, that they only need to be of her number to be quite sure of salvation; and this congregation were already Catholics! What does it all mean? I never heard sinners warned and directed to the Saviour of sinners more fervently and effectually than they were last night. This experience gives a precious shaking to my preconceived opinions. I shall follow it up."

Evening after evening found him among the eager crowd, till at last the Sacrament of Penance with the duty of confession of sins was presented to the people. "No," he said to himself; "I will never submit to that, but I will talk with one of these fathers." Fortunately none of his Protestant acquaintances had come near enough to his heart to make him fear their frowns or sneers.

Toward the close of the mission he followed one of the missionary fathers to the sacristy; he was determined to have an answer to some of the questions which the preaching of the past week had raised in his soul.

Father Rutledge received him very kindly, and, like his Blessed Master, looking on the young man, he loved him, and invoked the aid of the Blessed Spirit who guideth into all truth that he might be assisted in leading this soul to the fountain of all spiritual life. Many hours passed before Paul left the church, and interview followed interview for several days. He was in earnest. Then came the last interview, when, with burning brow and beating heart, Paul answered the oft-urged request that he would make his confession, and be received into the Church, as he was plainly a Catholic in belief.

"Father," said Paul, "it is impossible, I cannot make a good confession, such a confession as the Church requires."

"And why not, my son? What stumbling-block stands in the way of your being reconciled to God? You believe all the articles of the Catholic faith?"

"Yes, father, I think I do."

"You love God and your neighbor? Are you sorry for your sins, and—"

"No, father," replied Paul, the fire kindling in his dark eyes; "there is a person somewhere in this world whom I *hate;* the man exists whom I cannot and will not forgive!"

"Will not forgive!" said the

priest, in a tone of astonishment mingled with grief. "What wrong can a fellow-mortal have done you that you will not forgive one for whom Christ died? Are we not freely forgiven, though our sins be as scarlet? And shall we withhold that forgiveness from our brother which we expect from our God?"

"We are not forgiven till we repent," replied the young man in a cold, hard tone, "and the wretch whom I hate, has never repented, and—"

"And you will punish him," interrupted the priest, "taking vengeance out of the hands of Almighty God? Listen, my son, to the words of the Gospel, 'If thy brother offend thee, forgive him to seventy times seven.'"

"Yes," said Paul, frigidly, for these thoughts had brought back all the old-time hatred which was only sleeping; "the Gospel also says, 'If he do penance forgive him.' I have looked through the words of our Lord, and I find only those are forgiven who repent."

"Will you thus wrest Scripture to your own destruction, my young friend?" replied the priest, gravely. "No wonder the Catholic Church, in her wisdom, requires her children to take the interpretation of those sacred words from her own lips, and not from private judgment, since the human heart leads to such false, such fatal conclusions. Will you, by *such* sophistry, risk your immortal soul? For I must, as a servant of the Most High God, tell you that 'he that hateth his brother is a murderer, and no murderer shall inherit eternal life.'"

The struggle was fearful in the soul of Paul Carleton; but the rancor was too deep, the hatred interwoven with the fibres of his heart, and nursed for so many years, was too widespread and vital to yield to the voice of the man of God; the enemy of souls gained the victory, and Paul went out unshriven.

It happened, about this time, that the landlady with whom Mr. Carleton had made his home for more than fifteen years, gave her charge into the hands of another, and retired into the country for the remainder of her life. With this change came a change in the whole character of the house; from being a quiet resting-place for fatigued men of business, mostly bachelors, it became a house filled with young life; men with wives and families, bright young people, altered the whole atmosphere of the dwelling. To Carleton, the only special tie outside the club-room, where he spent one evening every week, was his own pleasant, well-ordered suite of rooms, occupied so many years; they were his only home. A bachelor of thirty-eight is hard to move from old and pleasant quarters, therefore he staid on, although the young ladies shot sly glances at him, and the young men apparently quizzed him for his silence and gravity.

Among the newcomers were Mr. and Mrs. Moreland and family, two daughters and a niece, who, being always seated near Paul Carleton at meals, necessarily became recipients of his civilities; for though he was cold and reserved, he was always a gentleman. "Now, Fanny," said Ethel, the younger Miss Moreland, to her sister, after a week's sojourn in their new home, as she seated herself before her embroidery frame in their pleasant parlor, "tell me what you think of this life of boarding; an improvement, don't you think so, on the care of servants, alternating with the pleasure of doing without these useful appendages? A pretty good-looking set of young men in the house, too."

"Young men!" replied Fanny, the elder sister, "they are a set of shopboys; some of them would well adorn the windows of a hairdresser. Figureheads all, with one notable exception; my friend, Mr. Carleton, who helps me to bread and butter with such a chilling bow and so grave

a face. Really, with all my modest assurance, his presence awes me to such a degree that I have never ventured on a more continuous conversation than 'pleasant day,' 'bad walking,' and the like. I think he must have been disappointed in love, or maybe doing penance," she added, turning towards her cousin, a young slight girl, who had seated herself on a cricket by her side, and rested her head on her cousin's lap.

"He looks very sad and solitary," said the young girl, without raising her eyes from the fire, into which she had been gazing for many minutes. "He appears to associate with nobody in the house. Somehow, when I look at him, as I venture to do sometimes, there comes over me a feeling of pity and a desire to help him; very foolish, of course, but very real as well."

"Take care, poor little sentimental pious Alice!" cried the industrious Ethel, from her embroidery frame, over which she spent much time and thought. "I have heard, 'pity's next of kin to love.'"

"Rest easy, girls," responded Fanny, flourishing the hearth-brush which she held in her hand. "The enemy of woman lurks in that heart. I shall storm this Gibraltar! not that I expect to find anything very precious within, but for the amusement of the thing. It would be simply charming to bring such a proud, cold man to his knees, and I intend to begin operations at once at the dinner-table."

"Have you prepared your plan, collected your ammunition, gathered your forces, Fan?" said Ethel, smiling.

"*Veni, vidi, vici*," replied the sister. "I shall begin with an attack on the large and valuable library, which our notable landlady informs me is in the possession of this gentleman. In other words, girls, I am all at once deeply interested in Grecian and Roman history. I think this *ruse* will take with this serious individual perhaps better than more modern research. Shall I inquire for Rollin, Gillie, or Gibbon? When I have settled this matter for myself, I will procure for you, Ethel, Petrarch and Laura, or the Spectator; probably this wonderful library contains nothing like a modern novel; nothing, certainly, since Scott. And what for you, Alice? Some theological or devotional work, if I could find one that is not on the Index. Of course you would only read Catholic books on these subjects, and I despair of finding any traces of the mystery of Babylon in the library of so rigid a Puritan as I take this man to be by nature, and grace don't seem to have done much for him."

"I was thinking," suggested Ethel, "that possibly you might find the Saybrook Platform or Assembly Catechism. I'm sure he is very like the old pictures of Miles Standish; long Roman nose—"

"Now, Ethel, why will you always begin with a man's nose?" cried Fanny. "Speak of his splendid head, finely cut profile, but oh, so cold and stern—he reminds one of Oliver Cromwell. Probably Alice thinks he looks like some of her favorite saints."

"I see nothing specially saintly about him," said Alice, quietly, "but the reflection in his face of a human heart with a great grief hidden within it. Do you know anything of his history, Fanny?"

"Not a lisp," replied Fanny, "but I mean to know something of it before many weeks."

"I shall look with much interest on your experiment," said Ethel; "but here comes papa, it may be that he can tell us something of this hero of yours."

"Who is it now, girls?" said the father, stooping over his daughters for a kiss, while his niece quietly arose, placed an arm-chair for him, and drew her cricket to his feet.

"This Mr. Carleton, papa; who

is he, what makes him so grave, where does he visit, and where does he attend church?"

"Conundrums, Fan, so early in the morning? Mr. Carleton is highly respectable, and successful in business. Came from the 'Hub,' that's why he is so grave; wishes to make you think he knows a great deal more than we New Yorkers. The last two questions I shall answer with a guess, and say, 'Nowhere.'"

"Now, papa, I see you are only making fun of us, and know nothing more than we do."

"Not much, dears, but I leave you to find the rest; there is nothing a woman can't find out if she sets herself to the task. But I must go, and shall leave you without uneasiness this stormy day, knowing how much you have in hand and how usefully you are employed."

The siege was begun that very day at the dining-table. Ethel was startled almost into an audible laugh as she saw the color come and go in Alice's face when Fanny asked Mr. Carleton, with downcast eyes, for the second volume of Gibbon's Rome as a book of reference in some historical question about which she was not able to satisfy herself with such books as she had at hand.

"Certainly," and "most happy," with a very stiff bow, was the only reply Mr. Carleton condescended to give, but after dinner came all the volumes of Gibbon's Rome, by the hands of the landlady, to their parlor, with the compliments of Mr. Carleton, and the assurance that any books in his library were at the service of the young ladies.

"Pretty well for the first fire, Francesca, dear," said Ethel Moreland, as she gave the nicely bound volumes into her sister's hand.

Fanny took the book, glancing first at the fly-leaf where was the name of the owner and the number of the volume in the library to which it belonged. "Paul Carleton, No. 207." "Neat, exact, and gentlemanly," were the comments of the young lady as she carelessly turned the leaves. "Oh, ho! here is a discovery," she cried, as she held up a printed card that had dropped from the book. It was the Memorare of the Blessed Virgin illuminated in German text.

"Alice," she added, passing the paper to her cousin, "here's your chance; you can satisfy yourself as to Mr. Carleton's religious proclivities by giving him this, and telling him where it was found; it is not much proof of constant use finding it in a book which he has not probably opened for years." Alice took the slip of card into her hand without reply, but breathed from the bottom of her heart a prayer for the owner of the book.

It is next to impossible that a resolute woman of tact should determine to make the acquaintance of a gentleman and not be successful. Not many weeks of assiduous study of the old-time histories were necessary before Mr. Carleton had been questioned as to disputed points, and in spite of himself had become interested in the reading of the young girls. It was well for Paul to be brought into the society of ladies even by force, for since he had left searching for truth he had become somewhat cynical, and had succeeded in making himself indifferent. Before spring the three girls had become better acquainted with Mr. Carleton's library than with himself, though he was by no means the cold stiff statue they had met in the autumn. Alice had discovered (although she was too timid to return the Memorare) that Mr. Carleton's library was largely made up of standard Catholic books. This puzzled her, for she knew instinctively that he was not a Catholic, and though she often came across marked passages in both the devotional and theological works, they gave her no clue to his faith, and she well knew by observation that whatever these

things might have been to him in times past, at least he was now a stranger to any church. Great catastrophes will often break the ice, and turn a mere acquaintance into a fast friend. One wild dark night in the month of March the street where our friends dwelt in peaceful security was aroused by the cry of "Fire! fire!" Paul Carleton, hearing the terrible cry, leaped from his bed to the window, and for a moment stood aghast as he saw the flames bursting out of the second story of the new wing of the boarding-house. A moment's delay, and he was in the street with the throng of firemen who were vigorously working at the task before them, and had already cleared that part of the house of its inmates and sent them to a place of safety; now they were busy clearing the other parts of the dwelling of furniture and deluging the surrounding buildings with water. Presently a terrible shriek rang out on the night air like a clarion, and to the consternation of all it came from the roof of the fast-consuming wing. Paul saw at once that the female servants of the establishment had been forgotten where they were soundly sleeping in their dormitories just under the roof, even after the first alarm. A long ladder was instantly hoisted to the roof, but the flames, like the blast of King Nebuchadnezzar's furnace, scorched and singed the few hardy ones who attempted to ascend, and beyond the first story of the building there was no hope of rising. Cries of "Throw yourselves down!" "You shan't be hurt!" mingled with the agony of groaning hearts below that said, "Save them, for God's sake!" these, with the clatter of the engines, the din of the swaying multitude driven about by the flames, "made night hideous." The girls, after the first wild shriek, had fallen back from the front, where the flames were already near enough to be felt, and were crouching in the shadow of a large chimney, praying to the good God for help, when a voice like a voice from heaven in answer to their prayers came to them in commanding tones over the high parapet of the next house. They obeyed unhesitatingly the voice of Paul Carleton, as he, with a dozen stout men, lifted them one after another over the wall which separated them from the adjoining roof, led the frightened women along to the next parapet, and so over to the end of the block, where a ladder, away from the flames and cinders, had been raised, which they descended amid the shouts and cheers of the vast crowd below. The last rescued one fainted as her feet touched the ground.

"Bedad and it's poor Miss Alice, the jewel," cried one of the rescued servants who seemed to be spokesman for the others, and whose tongue the peril had not stilled. "The Lord prasarve her! indade it's all along of her swateness and goodness that we wasn't burnt entirely; she knowed the wee bit rooms whare we was put to slape, an' troth didn't she come to that same when mysel' lay ill of the faver, Holy Mother help her!"

"Miss Moreland!" exclaimed Paul, as he placed the drooping figure in the care of a motherly neighbor; "how came she here? why was she not with the family, who are all cared for?"

"In troth, you spake the truth," responded the irrepressible Bridget; "an' sure they be's safe enough; it's not for the likes of them Protestant ladies to go anint the fire for us Papists, an' sure didn't this swate cratur jist find the road back, after they had lift us to perish; and wasn't she near losin' her own swate life for us? Lor' bless her, the darlint!"

The deadly swoon into which Alice had fallen did not yield to common remedies, and Paul hastened for a physician, thinking all the time of that life so nearly sacrificed to save those who had no claim upon it but that of common humanity. In that

moment that life became of inestimable value to him. The superhuman exertions that Alice had made in reaching the servants' garret, through the wreaths of smoke and tongues of flame, together with the dreadful shock when she found herself with them, cut off from all hopes of rescue, brought her to the grave. Paul Carleton, stricken and helpless, waited each day impatiently the report from her sick-room. After the first few days her reason returned, but her strength diminished, and the physician said there was but little hope that she would rally; she might live a few weeks, but she might sink away at any moment; the injury was beyond the help of medical science. Her spiritual director was in constant attendance, and her mind was calm and peaceful. She had but one request; this was to see Mr. Carleton to thank him herself for what he had done to rescue her from the devouring flames.

Paul endeavored to nerve himself for this interview; above all things it was his desire, but he would not ask it; now she had sent for him, and he shrank from the fulfilment of his wishes. He sank on his knees by her bedside, all his stoicism, all his reserve vanished, and his strong frame quivering with grief. She put out her delicate hand, and clasped his; the touch seemed to calm him. "Alice," he said (they had been too near the face of death together to stand on the ceremony of the world), "Alice," he cried, "live, oh, live for me!"

"Paul," she replied in a low, sweet whisper, "I am going to God, but you must make me one promise, you will say this every day when I am gone;" and she drew from under her pillow the long-lost Memorare; "say this to our Blessed Mother, that she will pray our dear Lord to remove any hindrance there may be in the way of your being a true and earnest Catholic. The choice Catholic books in your library, and the pencillings in them, told me that some time you were a Catholic. Is it not true?"

"Almost, dearest," he replied, with a groan.

"What hinders you, my friend?" she said, not seeming to notice his fond epithet. "It is no matter," she added hastily; "tell it to the Sacred Heart of Jesus; there is nothing he cannot remove. Promise me here, now, that it shall be done. You saved my life, and the good God permitted it for this, that I might help you to offer that hindrance, whatever it is, as a sacrifice to our Lord who hath so loved us. Will you not give me this comfort, Paul? To know that I have smoothed the way for you to receive the grace of God will be a consolation to me in the hour of my death."

"If you could be spared, Alice, I could promise even that sacrifice; but now, just as my heart is softened, and I have learned to love, the dear one is taken from me, and the night into which I return will be darker than ever."

"Darker for having loved, Paul? Oh, no; hatred and sin darken our lives, but not love; even the love of a dear friend makes the world brighter. But how bright and cheery everything looks with the love of God in our hearts!"

"I must not let you talk more," he said, tenderly kissing the hand he held.

She did not withdraw it, but said, slowly:

"Paul, God calls you; go, attend to his call; bow your heart in loving obedience to him; give up the *stumbling-block*, and let me know before I die that you have found peace and rest within the true fold."

Paul went obediently to his room, and there on his knees the strong man bowed, and made to Almighty God the sacrifice, gave up the desire for revenge, the hatred that had so long nestled like a viper in his bosom; and a few hours later found him in

the monastery at F——, where he had gone for a three days' retreat before his reception into the Church. Father Rutledge welcomed joyfully the long-lost sheep, for whom he had never ceased to pray.

The solemn day was drawing to its close; the day in which Paul Carleton for Christ's sake publicly forgave all his enemies, and received the bread of reconciliation. He had lingered at the convent, loath to leave the place that had brought him such fulness of joy and peace. How easy it seemed now to forgive, and how dark the memory of those long years of bitter hatred, now that he had Him in his heart, who, while we were yet enemies, died for us!

While he slowly paced the corridor that led from the chapel, watching the shades of night approaching, a lay brother, whom he had noticed in the morning as one bowed with infirmities and engaged in the most menial offices, came towards him. With his newly found humility, Paul said to himself, "Oh, what bliss to be a servant of servants for Christ's sake!"

His surprise may be imagined when he saw the brother throw himself at his feet, and kiss them.

"Brother Servitus!" exclaimed Paul, withdrawing a little.

"Pardon, pardon," replied the monk, "pardon, my friend, my brother! God has pardoned me, and I have prayed fervently to him that I might some time ask pardon of the friends of her whom I so deeply wronged, so basely deceived. Behold at your feet, in the garb of penance, Edmund Sheldon, who has suffered through life for his crime, and is grateful to the good God who permits him to be your servant."

Paul hesitated but a moment, then raising the prostrate figure, he clasped to his heart the penitent man, and revenged himself by a full and free forgiveness, burying the stumbling-block out of sight forever under that charity that never faileth.

THE SHADOWY RIVER.

I DREAMT I saw a tiny boat,
  Borne on a streamlet's breast,
I saw it onward, onward float,
  From sunrise to the west;
And darker as the streamlet grew,
  The shadows seemed to be,
Till the little bark was lost to view
  Where darkness veiled the sea.

This is the meaning of the dream,—
  The tiny boat is life,
The river is time's endless stream,
  The shadows, toil and strife;
The far sea is the end of all,
  The soul's eternity;
But heaven's morn shall lift the pall
  Of darkness from the sea.

SOME HISTORIC CITIES, AND THEIR MEMORIES.

A GREAT city is not necessarily a historic city. A city becomes great from its geographical advantages; a city becomes historic through the character of its inhabitants. New York, though a great city, may never become historic; Jerusalem, a historic city, can never become a great one. Sometimes both the essential requisites are found united; sometimes cities have become great and historic where at one time it was impossible to find a predisposing cause for either.

For example: take Paris, the city of the present day which possesses in a most eminent degree all the elements of material greatness, picturesque beauty, and historic interest. For its origin we need not go back to remote antiquity. Within a period of time comparatively modern, it existed in the shape of a few mud fishing huts, flung together with little order on the shores of a sandy island, not elevated enough over high-water mark to always escape the inundations of the turbulent Seine. In those days little could be seen around this squalid settlement to foreshadow future superiority of any kind. A fierce river, of uncertain shifting currents, often dangerous to boats descending from the upper country, and impracticable to those from the lower, eddied past it. The mainland on the north was a widespread plain of marsh and forest; on the south it was a broken hilly tract of marly clay, disjointed by deep and difficult ravines. Nature appeared to have done nothing towards making it the nucleus of a great city. The fruitful sea was more than a hundred miles distant. Sheltering mountains were still more remote. No soil lay around it rich enough to attract the husbandman, the vintager, or the herdsman. No mines of coal, or tin, or sulphur made its name famous in Carthage or Phœnicia. No scenes of wild grandeur in its neighborhood ever excited the admiration of the stranger; no vistas of gentle rural beauty ever woke the song of the native poet. The only point in its favor appeared to be that its insular position offered at least temporary protection against fierce attacks by beast and sudden surprise by a more wily and dangerous foe, man; but even this point it shared with hundreds of other islands in the same river and with hundreds of other spots on the land that are now sought for in vain except on the antiquarian's page.

Other *great* cities furnish reasons for their growth palpable enough to strike the most unobservant. For the existence of London, Babylon, Alexandria, New York, Tokio, Pekin, Constantinople, the site alone is sufficient. A glance at a map will show you many a favored spot on the globe rich in city-producing capacity, where the germ, though ever so heedlessly cast on the hotbed, could hardly help developing at last into a grand and flourishing metropolis, proud in name, powerful in resources, attractive in art, seductive in beauty. Nature seems to do everything for them. Man seems to have had no more share in producing them than the fruit has had in producing the apple tree that it grows on.

But for the generation of a *historic* city, very little aid is required from the powerful but blindly acting hands of nature. Singular to say, the three cities that have long exercised and still continue to exercise a most irresistible ascendency over the imaginations of mankind, seem to have been rather neglected by

nature. To the ordinary eye, she seems to have done nothing for them; she even seems to have endeavored to suppress them, readily uniting herself for this purpose on every occasion with the destructive, vindictive, and rapacious instincts of hostile man. We all know how unavailing all such efforts have proved. These three cities are still the most famous spots on the earth, and it would hardly be too much to say that they will attract the attention of mankind to the end of time. Regarding these three cities, historic in every sense of the term, Jerusalem, Rome, and Paris, to offer some cursory remarks will be the object of the present paper. Such remarks are presented with diffidence. From an absolute want of time to do anything like justice to the subject, they are jotted down hastily and with little regard to order, here condensed into obscurity, there diffuse into verbosity, everywhere rude and undigested. Still, for the sake of the subject, it is hoped that they will not prove totally uninteresting.

Nature did as much for Jerusalem as Jerusalem wished her to do, which was very little. Far from asking for the ordinary favors accorded to the sites of flourishing cities, Jerusalem rejected them. Far from attempting to attract the vulgar admiration of men, she shunned the notice of the world, and sought retirement from its brazen splendor. The city, predestined from the beginning of time to be the scene of the most awful tragedy that the imagination even of an archangel could depict, a tragedy that thrilled to its inmost core the orb that rolls on the outermost verge of the outermost realm of inconceivable space, and whose effects will still flourish in undying vigor when the youngest star of the universe is reduced by old age into its original nothingness, this city, the Holy City, needed none of the ordinary accessories necessary to sustain the existence of the habitations of man. A silent, secluded, mountain city, perched on the summit of a lofty plateau in the heart of the arid hills of Judea, out of the way of the great routes either of commerce or martial movements, her walls washed by no noble river, her dusty streets never visited by the health-freighted breezes of ocean, too bleak to allure luxury, too poor to tempt cupidity, too small to attract poverty, still, a fortress rather than a city, elevated far enough above the sea-level to maintain an active and vigorous population, and always strong enough to defend herself successfully except against overwhelming odds, Jerusalem showed herself to be precisely the spot best suited to preserve the great charge deposited in her care, God's covenant with man, until the time came for its fulfilment.

Not that during the long thousand years of her probation, she did not often appear to be on the edge of overwhelming and irretrievable destruction. Captured by Sesac, the great King of Egypt, pillaged by the combined Israelites and Syrians, taken, burned, and her walls razed to the ground by Nabuchodonosor, King of Babylon, her last moments again and again seemed to have arrived. Restored again to some of her former importance by Cyrus of Persia, she fell successively into the hands of Alexander of Greece, the Ptolemies of Egypt, and the Seleucidæ of Syria, one of whom, Antiochus, again burned her walls to the ground and polluted her sacred temple by offering swine in the holy of holies. The bravery of her people aroused to invincibility by this outrage, she is once more rescued from the hands of the enemy, but only to fall finally into the power of Pompey and the Romans. Plundered by Crassus, sacked by the Parthians, she makes one more superhuman effort to free herself; but her desperate courage is all in vain. Herod, the Idumean, attacks her,

and, in spite of a most heroic resistance, she sees herself completely reduced to his mercy. Now surely her last days are come. Far from it. She has not yet done the deed that sealed her destruction. Her greatest enemy shows himself to be her greatest friend. Herod rebuilds the Temple in a style of splendor that recalls the glorious days of King Solomon. His other public works and improvements are executed on a scale of grandeur sufficient to give the austere old city of the prophets the air of a luxurious metropolis of the East. The great hour then is come. The expected of all nations is about to appear. In spite of her dry, stony soil, of her treeless, grassless plains, of her arid mountains, her freezing winters, her burning summers, the chosen city of the Most High possesses, even for Gentile men who know nothing of his ways, some mysterious charm impelling them to preserve and beautify the very city that others had again and again attempted to sweep forever off the face of the earth. In spite of fire, conquest, famine, rebellions, massacres, and all the other varying vicissitudes of a thousand years, the consecrated city of David, at the period of our Lord's nativity, as if in joy to welcome him, presents a scene of earthly beauty, life, and splendor that had never been surpassed in her proudest days of old.

But in a few years more her death-knell sounds. The lightnings of Titus's legions consume her, and Jerusalem, as a city of the Jews, disappears forever.

Let us now take a look at the site and character of Rome, her terrible destroyer.

In external aspect no two cities could present a greater contrast than Jerusalem and Rome. Of course this contrast was still greater in the early periods of Rome's history. Climbing the sides and covering the tops of a few hills, whose summits hardly reveal themselves above the other insignificant elevations of a dreary plain, surrounded by a Campagna, marshy, volcanic, and reeking with miasma, endangered rather than protected by an unruly river, the Tiber, whose waters, turbid, rapid, and irregular, constantly threatened the lower city, Rome, at one time, seemed the most unlikely spot on earth to become the mistress of nations and the arbitress of destiny. A little frontier settlement, founded by the Latins to defend a pass of the Tiber against their neighbors, the powerful Etruscans, no one ever dreams that in course of time she is to see both Latium and Etruria at her feet. This weakness, however, is her strength. The want of natural defences gives the courage of lions to her warlike sons; the ungraciousness of her soil compels them to rely for subsistence on their swords rather than on the plough. This bravery soon puts her at the head of the Latin confederation. The jealousy of the highly civilized Etruscans of Central Italy is aroused. But the Etruscan is conquered and annexed. Then comes the grand idea of uniting all Italy by expelling the Greek from the South and the Gaul from the North. All Italy is united. United Italy becomes a power great enough to excite the uncompromising hostility of Carthage, who can brook no rival by land or sea. In the new wars Rome is again triumphant. And so the circle of empire goes on widening, step by step, from the conquest of Carthage to that of Greece, of Egypt, of Asia, of Gaul, of the world.

The success of the great city, however, as a conqueror hardly compensated for her defects as a fortress or her disadvantages as a metropolis. These drawbacks culminated at last to such a point that a great emperor considered them tolerable no longer. Constantine, by exchanging her pestilential atmosphere and easily assailable walls for the superb site of Byzantium, gave a new lease of a thousand years to the Roman empire, but

struck a blow at the greatness of the Roman city from which she has never recovered. Abandoned by her natural protector, and left a prey to the destructive agencies of united nature, time, and man, Rome, till now the *Caput Orbis Terrarum*, the haughty queen of nations, seems very likely to soon relapse into her early insignificance and to become another of the buried cities of whose past existence even Doctor Schliemann's discoveries do not always offer convincing proof. But this inglorious fate was not to befall her. The historic city is now turned into the Holy City by the consecrating blood of innumerable martyrs. In the days of her greatest splendor St. Peter, quitting Jerusalem the doomed, had chosen Rome to be the everlasting headquarters of the Everlasting Church. In the days of her misery, St. Peter's successors, steadfast in their trust, far from removing in the train of the great emperor to Constantinople, looked on the abandoned city as their earthly home, and built their churches, schools, and monasteries amid the ruins of the Circus Maximus, and under the shadows of the tottering Capitol.

Numberless misfortunes assailed the abandoned city. Alaric burns her, Genseric pillages her, Ricimer enslaves her, Totila ravages her, Emperor Constans II forsakes her forever, the Mohammedans overpower her, and even pollute St. Peter's tomb. But the Popes remain and their presence protects her. Leó IV incloses a portion within walls and castles, which is to this day called the Leonine City. German emperors are hostile, Saracens are incessant in piratical attacks, internal feuds and factions are bloody and barbarous, Charlemagne of the Rhine and Robert, King of Sicily, are friends of such dubious character as to carry off her most precious spoils for the adornment of their palaces; but the Popes persistently cling to the city chosen by their holy predecessor, animating her drooping spirits by their indomitable energy, arresting her natural decay by their provident vigilance, preserving her invaluable remains by their undying love of art, rendering her an object of profoundest interest to all by their uncalculating generosity, and, finally, by their gentle, honest, inexpensive government, transforming her into the only city in this world where all mankind, learned or unlearned, rich or poor, Christian, Jew, white, black, Mohammedan or Pagan could truly and gratefully exclaim: "Here I feel at home! This is truly a blessed city!"

It has been our misfortune to have fallen on the evil days when unholy men have thought proper to change this state of things by forcibly wresting the old city of the Popes from the hands of her august ruler, impiously profaning a claim older than that of the oldest crown in Europe, and based on a far solider foundation. The will of Divine Providence be done! His ways are unsearchable. We know them not, and we resign ourselves to them uncomplainingly, whatever they may be. But we know his promises. Storms may arise and dangers may threaten, but the Church founded on a rock will stand forever. The holy Pontiffs may be driven from Rome. They may be even persecuted unto death. This will not alter the ways of Providence. Rome has been the head of Christ's holy Church for eighteen hundred years, and Rome shall be its head forever. In the dim distant future years when Victor Emanuel's name, and Bismarck's, and Gladstone's will have vanished from the pages of history, it will be from Rome that the voice of St. Peter's successors will go forth as of old to announce Christ's teachings to a listening world!

About the time Rome was reaching the culmination of her splendor, the little island citadel of the Parisians called Lutetia, was already in a flourishing condition on its mud-

bank in the Seine, a short distance below its confluence with the Marne. Even in Julius Cæsar's time, her block cabins and feeble ramparts gave her such an air of importance that, on one occasion during his campaign against the Nervii, as he mentions himself in the seventh book of his Commentaries, he proposed to a number of Gallic chiefs to meet him at Lutetia of the Parisians. In the year following, when all Gaul had risen against Cæsar, we find his lieutenant Labienus so desirous to obtain possession of Lutetia that, whilst trying to effect his purpose, he places himself in a position of extreme difficulty. The Gauls not only burn Lutetia and cut down her bridges to prevent such an important point from falling into his hands, but even attack Labienus himself with such spirit and fury that his military skill is taxed to the utmost to enable him to cut a passage back to Cæsar. The rough treatment of the island village by no means destroyed its vitality, for three years afterwards, when the country was completely conquered and Gaul permanently annexed to the Roman Empire, we hear of Cæsar holding a great conference with the Gallic leaders at Lutetia, ordering several important constructions there, and rebuilding the two bridges that connected the island with the northern and southern shores.

This apparently fortuitous proceeding of Cæsar's gives the little village considerable development. Peace finally established, order universally prevalent, Roman polity securing unquestioned protection to art and industry, Lutetia becomes the favorite residence of the proconsul that governs Celtic Gaul. Stately Roman buildings soon replace the wickerwork huts and rude log hovels that had satisfied the simple Celts. The crowded island becomes too small. The dark forests on the southern shore gradually give way to tasteful Roman gardens and glittering Roman villas. Temples to Roman, Grecian, and even Egyptian gods crown the heights; amphitheatres and circuses give admiring crowds an idea of the great games of the Coliseum and Circus Maximus of mighty Rome. The Parisian fishermen themselves erect a temple to omnipotent Jupiter on that very part of the island where the impressive majesty of Notre Dame rises to-day. The white-robed Druids withdraw silently to the dark forests and rugged mountains where nothing Roman can follow them—except a Roman missionary. Even the old Celtic tongue, the parent of both Greek and Latin, melts away forever, like a light morning mist, before the steady advance of the conquering Roman language, just as resistless as the conquering Roman arms.

The centuries roll on. Rome's splendor, power, and glory preponderate everywhere. The countless swarms of barbarians are still humming like insects amid their dark marshes of the North or their teeming plains of the East. They have not yet started on their terrible march of destruction. Rome's splendid dream of an eternal empire has not as yet been subject to any rude misgivings. Under her sheltering wing, Lutetia is every day growing in strength, life, and beauty.

Constantius Chlorus, an associate Roman emperor, and the father of Constantine the Great, makes her his favorite residence for thirteen years. He even confers on her a signal proof of his regard, by building her baths or thermæ on quite as magnificent a scale as those erected in Rome at the same time by the Emperor Diocletian. Both of these buildings, the Roman and the Parisian, are worth dwelling on for a little while, even if only to remind us of how they did things in the

"Brave days of old."

Diocletian's Baths at Rome can show to-day the finest hall left to us

from the ancient times in a perfect state of preservation. In the days of their splendor these Baths covered as much ground as is occupied by nine of our Philadelphia squares, and they afforded accommodation to nearly 4000 persons bathing all at the same time. Forty thousand Christians had been employed on the work, and many of the bricks they used can still be seen marked with the holy sign of the cross. In all probability it was the tradition regarding these suffering martyrs that led to the careful guardianship of these magnificent ruins and their present almost perfect state of preservation. The great central hall, probably the *Calidarium*, or hot-room of the baths, was so large and beautiful that Michael Angelo had very little trouble in converting it into the noble church of St. Mary of the Angels, one of the wonders of modern Rome. Though the pavement has been raised eight feet, the ceiling is higher than that of the Philadelphia Cathedral, while its interior space is at least four times as great. In the vaulted roof can still be seen the metallic rings from which the ancient lamps were suspended, and eight massive columns of Egyptian granite are still standing in their original positions. The church is in the shape of a Greek cross, and in spite of its pagan origin, it is really one of the most imposing edifices in Rome. In effecting this transformation, Michael Angelo combined the true artist with the enlightened antiquarian. While reforming Diocletian's rude magnificence, he preserved the simplicity and proportions of the original, gave a monumental importance to each of its great columns, restored all their capitals, and by tracing one noble entablature completely all around the cornice, imparted a look of harmony and uniformity to the whole interior that makes it difficult for the spectator of to-day to imagine that this majestic Christian basilica around him was once nothing more than the hot-room of a public establishment thronged with thousands of noisy, romping, junketing, thoughtless bathers.

Of the Parisian Baths, built by Constantine at the same time, as might be expected, much less is left —only one large hall, the *Frigidarium*, or cold-room. Indeed the wonder is how even this escaped the vicissitudes of sixteen centuries. Constantine's imperial palace, built at the same period, has disappeared long ago. The Frigidarium seems to have been preserved by the débris of ruined buildings accumulating all round it and inside it, turning it into a vast cellar full of wreck and rubbish. One corner of it had served for a long time as a cooper's shop, and was stored with barrels, hoops, and other lumber. Overhead soil enough had collected to become a garden, where plants flourished and even trees grew tall and vigorous. But neither the weight of the thick bed of mould, nor the sapping effects of creeping roots, nor the infiltrations of all-dissolving, all-penetrating water, had succeeded in shaking these solid vaults. The old ceiling of the Cæsars bore it all without flinching. At last man came to its relief. The municipality of Paris purchased it, cleared away the debris, cleaned it, warmed it, and let the light of day illumine it once more after its sleep of fifteen centuries. Its original character has been in all things sacredly respected, and it stands to-day the most interesting relic of Roman grandeur existing in Paris.

In Philadelphia, I must say, our authorities do not seem quite equal to the Romans in the art of making either a historic city or a lasting city. In building culverts, for instance, we think we have done very well if a horse and carriage do not disappear through the pavement oftener than two or three times a year. The great reason of our non-success in these

matters most probably is that we do not pay the poor contractors enough.

Julian the Apostate spends three years in the sprightly little town of the Romanized Celts, calls her his dear Lutetia, and in one of his letters, still extant, contrasts her more favorably than he could do in 1877 with the frivolous, effeminate, gay, and luxurious Antioch. Her vines, her fig-trees he passionately admires, and even the sheets of ice on her frozen river. In Lutetia he hears, or says he hears, the mysterious voice of the Genius of the Empire summoning him to the imperial throne. It is here that his soldiers clamorously salute him Emperor, and it is from the gates of Lutetia that he starts on his famous march to Constantinople to do battle for the imperial crown. Even 1500 years ago Paris is the cradle of revolutions.

Valentinian I makes Lutetia his headquarters, whence he is continually springing to deal deadly blows against the Saxons, the Allemanni, and the other barbarians, who now, gathered on the frontiers, are watching their prey with greedy eagerness, like so many hungry vultures, ready to pounce on it at the first favorable opportunity. It is under the walls of Lutetia that the great battle is fought which cost Valentinian's son Gratian both his crown and his life, and places Maximus on the throne of the Cæsars.

Four hundred years have now slipped by. The settlement of a few hovels inhabited by fishermen on the low banks of a sandy island has now become the centre of a beautiful and flourishing city guided by Roman laws, taught by Roman learning, ruled by Roman arms, reclaimed by Roman religion, refined by Roman civilization. But long before this the time had been coming for a change. Roman civilization has accomplished its purpose in mitigating Gallic barbarism, and in extirpating with merciless hand the bloody superstitions of the gloomy Druids. Roman civilization is now to be replaced by a newer, wider, more glorious civilization, a civilization that is to know no change, because it is founded, not on arms, or theatres, or baths, or well-paved streets, or gorgeous exhibitions of worldly splendor, but on the immortal teachings of our most gracious Lord and Saviour, and preached to all men by the Church he has founded, the One, Holy, Catholic, Apostolic, and Everlasting.

This Church haughty pagan Rome has tried to suppress, to stamp out by her legions, her laws, her massacres, her proscriptions, her universal persecutions. This Church humble Christian Rome has succeeded in establishing everywhere by her missionaries, her instructions, her examples, her undying charity, her dauntless courage. The proconsul denounces the most fearful punishment against the Christian priest caught in his dominion. Deaf to such proclamations, or braving them with sublime fortitude for Christ their Master's sake, St. Denis and his companions dare to preach the Gospel even in the streets of Lutetia. They are seized and put to death in such numbers that the scene of their martyrdom, till then known as Mar's Hill, Mons Martis, changes its name and is known ever afterwards as the Martyr's Hill, Mons Martyrum. This very day it is called Montmartre, and we all know that a year or two ago the blood-stained hill was deemed the most appropriate site for a magnificent Church of St. Mary, humbly presented by Catholic Paris to Almighty God by way of some expiation for the impious excesses practiced in their short reign of 1871 by the Communists, our barbarians of the nineteenth century.

St. Denis's body and those of his holy companions are flung ignominiously into the Seine, but a devoted Christian lady, Catulla, has been watching them. Her eyes eagerly follow them as they float down the

river for a few miles, till, at the first opportunity, she has them taken out, piously and honorably interred, and the place of their sepulture marked by a stone. In spite of Roman persecutions this holy spot is guarded and tended with jealous care. A little chapel is erected over the sacred remains. In time this is replaced by a church. The holy ground becomes the tomb of the old Frankish kings. Dagobert founds here the famous monastery of Saint Denis. Pepin and Charlemagne build a fine church, of which some of the remains are still visible. Three hundred years later the abbot commences a more magnificent church, which, completed by St. Louis and his successor, is the beautiful edifice still standing. It is generally considered to be the most splendid specimen of the architecture of the Middle Ages. It is further remarkable by being the first structure ever erected according to the principles commonly called Gothic. For eleven hundred years it has been the burial-place of the kings of France. Its crypts are now regular schools for the antiquarian; nowhere else can be seen such a magnificent series of royal tombs. Here are statues and monuments of the kings of the first and second Frankish dynasties, of the line of Capet, and of its branches, the houses of Valois and Bourbon. In one recess can be seen the statue of Marie Antoinette, in a kneeling posture, which is considered the best likeness ever produced of that unfortunate but illustrious queen.

The savages of the Revolution of 1793 confiscated the property of this abbey, exhumed the royal remains, converted the lead of their coffins into bullets, stole everything of the slightest value, melted down the gold crosses, the silver shrines, and the monumental brasses, overturned the altars, smashed the windows, and even passed a decree that the venerable pile should be razed to the ground. But the Concordat fortunately arrived in time to prevent this act of vandalism. Napoleon Bonaparte, intending it to be the burial-place of his imperial dynasty, did much to restore the polluted edifice to something of its former splendor. But the monastery buildings were never restored. They form to-day the celebrated Government School of St. Denis, for the education of the orphan daughters, sisters or nieces of the members of the Legion of Honor. No school in Europe has produced a greater number of accomplished women. Of its five hundred pupils, four hundred receive gratuitous instruction. All wear the same uniform, which is so plain and simple, that the fastidious young ladies of our Normal School would be completely disgusted with it. The discipline is almost military in its severity; the system of instruction approaches as near perfection as is possible to anything human. Frequent examinations take place; the prizes, numerous and valuable, are attainable by merit alone. The whole establishment, as well as the charge of all its branches, is under the superintendence of the Sisters of *La Mère de Dieu*.

As for the church itself, the Restoration replaced the royal remains back in their tombs. For more than thirty years the work of reparation has been going on both exteriorly and interiorly. Though not yet what it once was, the old church of St. Denis is to-day the delight alike of the Christian, the poet, the artist, the historian, the sightseer. The moment you enter, the effect is charming. The coloring is superb. Gold and azure, gold and azure all around. The eye lingers with pleasure on the brilliant but harmonious irradiations of stained glass windows, reflecting in resplendent array all the colors of the spectrum. Even leaving its sacred character out of consideration altogether, its bas-reliefs, its statues, its woodwork, its monumental displays turn it, as it were, into a vast museum,

presenting specimens of every century, and capable of gratifying every taste.

But the earthly glory of the martyred St. Denis was not limited to foundations established in his name for worship, retirement, learning, or education. He became the patron saint of France. The *oriflamme*, or sacred banner of the kingdom, was always kept in the sacristy of the church of St. Denis, where it was guarded with the most watchful care. Whenever the king went to war, which he could undertake only when constrained by necessity, and even then for no other purpose but to defend the faith, the Church, and the kingdom, he always proceeded in state to St. Denis's to receive the oriflamme in his own hands. The ceremonial on these occasions, as handed down by the old chronicles, was very imposing.

The relics of St. Denis are exposed on the high altar. The king approaches without hat or girdle, and prostrates himself before them. Then the abbot ascends the steps of the altar, takes the oriflamme from where it has been lying folded under the sacred corporals, and presents it to the king. The king accepting it reverently, passes it to a knight renowned for his great bravery. The king then kisses this knight on the mouth and tells him to carry this standard for the honor and profit of his king and kingdom, never to abandon it for fear of death or any other danger that may occur, and on all occasions to do his duty. The knight, holding the oriflamme in his hands with every mark of the most profound respect, goes around to all the other warriors, presenting it to each one to kiss it. Then suspending it round his neck, he leaves the church, immediately preceding the king, and thus they march till they arrive in the presence of the enemy. On the field of battle, he mounts the oriflamme on the point of his lance, and takes his place at the head of the whole army.

As may readily be supposed, it was about this knight that the battle raged fiercest, the cries rang loudest, and the corpses lay thickest. It was for this reason also that the general battle-cry of the French soldiers as they rushed to the onset, was "Mountjoy and St. Denis of France!"

In St. Denis's time Rome had reached the culmination of her glory; for the two hundred years following, her power is steadily on the wane; in the succeeding century she has enough to do to fight for her very existence. She fights hard, it is true, but the world has now taken up arms against her. Her splendor has inflamed the imagination of the barbarians, her wealth their desire, while her luxury has secured their contempt. The Huns have started from their dreary plains near the wall of China, and, turning their faces to the west, are now approaching Europe in hordes countless as the clouds of locusts. The Alans offer resistance, but the Alans are crushed. The Goths rouse themselves to the fiercest efforts to drive them back. But even the terrible Goths are utterly routed, and obliged to buy a home from the Roman emperors. The Huns occupy the abandoned territory, but, after a few years' rest, arrogant from success and joined by new swarms from Central Asia, they start again for further conquests. The Roman emperors, powerless to resist such an overwhelming flood, purchase temporary respite by the doubly dangerous remedy of a yearly tribute. When this degrading mark of subserviency is boldly refused by a more heroic emperor, Marcian, the Huns, once more striking their tents, resume their march of havoc, spoil, and carnage, with their terrible king, Attila, at their head.

Beranger, the poet of modern Paris, in his splendid song of the

Cossack, has completely caught the fierce spirit that animated these barbarous invaders, and has fully reproduced them in his glowing lines. As we read them we behold the wild scenery of the Don, the boundless steppes, the long spears of the horsemen trimmed with horse-tails, and their savage tents. Even the rush and the rattling of the wild hoofs are suggested by the wondrous rhythm of the poem. Father Prout's translation of this fine poem has been so successful and his lines are here so appropriate that I must be excused for quoting those that particularly refer to the devastating march of the Huns.

Come rouse thee up, my gallant horse, and bear thy rider on!
The comrade thou and the friend, I trow, of the dweller on the Don.
Pillage and death have spread their wings! 'tis the hour to hie thee forth,
And with thy hoofs and echo wake to the trumpets of the North.
No gems of gold do men behold upon my saddle-tree;
But earth affords the wealth of lords for thy master and for thee.
Then fiercely neigh, my charger gray, thy chest is broad and ample;
Thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France, and the pride of her heroes trample!

Europe is weak, she hath grown old, her bulwarks are laid low;
She is loath to hear the blast of war, she shrinketh from a foe.
Come, in our turn, let us sojourn in her goodly haunts of joy;
In the pillared porch to wave the torch and her palaces destroy!
Proud as when first thou slakedst thy thirst in the flow of the conquered Seine,
Aye shalt thou lave within that wave thy blood-red flanks again!
Then fiercely neigh, my gallant gray, thy chest is broad and ample,
Thy hoofs shall prance over the fields of France, and the pride of her heroes trample!

In a night of storm I have seen a form, and the figure was a giant,
And his eye was bent on the Cossack's tent, and his look was all defiant.
Kingly his crest, and towards the west with his battle-axe he pointed,
And the form I saw was ATTILA, of this earth the scourge anointed.
From the Cossack's camp let the horseman's tramp the coming crush announce;
Let the vulture whet his beak sharp set on the carrion field to pounce.
And proudly neigh, my charger gray, thy chest is broad and ample,
And thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France, and the pride of her heroes trample!

What boots old Europe's boastful fame on which she builds reliance?
When the North shall launch its avalanche on the works of art and science?
Hath she not wept o'er cities swept by our hordes of tramping stallions,
And tower and arch crushed in the march, by our barbarous battalions?
Can we not wield our father's shield? the same war-hatchet handle?
Do our blades want length or the reapers strength for the harvest of the Vandal.
Then proudly neigh, my gallant gray, for thy chest is strong and ample,
And thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France, and the pride of her heroes trample!

Seven hundred thousand of these irresistible Tartars have already crossed the Rhine, and are now on the straight road to Lutetia. Nothing can be more terror-inspiring than their very appearance. Dark-skinned, broad-shouldered almost to deformity, hollow-eyed, flat-nosed, their hideous faces rendered still more repulsive by self-inflicted scars, entirely beardless, with the exception of a few disorderly bristles, they resemble rabid gorillas rather than ordinary human beings. Their king, ATTILA, openly calling himself the "Scourge of God," boasts that wherever a hostile city stood in his way no stone ever remains big enough for a horse to stumble over. Treves is burned. Metz is razed to the ground, and even the infants are massacred. The bishop of Rheims is murdered, with all his flock. Over the widespread plains of Gaul the invaders look in vain for opposing armies. Citizen, peasant, warrior, priest, men, women, Roman, Frank, Gaul, German, all alike fly before them in an agony of terror. They approach Lutetia. What can save the city? The boldest fly or counsel submission. War is powerless. Man is silent. But woman speaks. Religion is bold. In the universal roar of confusion, flight, terror, misery, a girl's voice is heard, no longer gentle and low, but loud and commanding, like a trumpet's rallying call when the battle is half lost.

Like her inspired sister, Joan of Arc, who appeared in the same country ten centuries later, GENEVIEVE tells the trembling citizens to have courage, for relief is at hand. "Fly not!" she exclaims, to the horrified, screaming women; "fly not, but fast and pray, and watch with

me." "Fly not!" she cries to the panic-stricken men; "carry not your goods elsewhere. The cities you have considered strong have been destroyed. Our city will never be polluted by the foot of the unholy infidel!" The women obey her. The men, a Parisian mob, capable of any excess, come near stoning her for a witch and false prophet. But the event justifies her predictions. What kept Attila's dreadful hands off Paris, I do not know. No one knows. But one thing is certain. He suddenly changes the direction of his march and leads his devastating army towards Orleans, another historic city. Lutetia for the moment is safe.

But the bold example of the inspired maiden produces its legitimate effect. As if at the sound of a trumpet-blast pealing from the skies, with one voice old and young all rush to arms. No more terror now; no more cowardly temporizing. One thought animates all; one cry re-echoes over the land: "Resistance or Death!" Frank, Roman, Goth, all unite with Gaul to drive back the merciless invader.

But no time is to be lost. Attila besieges Orleans. He meets vigorous resistance. Again and again his fierce Huns renew the assault. They shake the walls with their terrible battering rams; their demon forms are already seen in possession of some of the suburbs. The Orleanists, worn out, dispirited, despairing, can hardly wield their arms; some, giving up altogether, leave the battlements and prepare for death by joining the holy bishop Anianus, who is praying in the market-place. "Hold out a little longer, dear brethren!" he cries. "Relief is close at hand! God is helping us! Only hold out a little longer!" The fighting men again turn their faces to the enemy, but their blows are feeble, for real courage never comes from despair. "What have you seen?" asks the bishop of a messenger that he has sent up twice already to the best point on the ramparts for obtaining the greatest view over the distant country. "Nothing!" answers the messenger. "Go up again!" cries the bishop, "and tell me quickly what you shall see! Meanwhile, brethren," he adds, turning to the others, "the fighting men to their posts! the rest with me in prayer!" Once more the roar of battle swells loud and fierce; the crash of falling walls hardly smothers the groans of the wounded; the fosses are almost filled with the mangled carcasses of the enemy hurled from the top of the scaling ladders; but the battering rams thunder with more deafening shock, and the wild yells of the Huns are every moment growing more and more distinct. Suddenly the messenger's appearance interrupts the bishop's prayer. "What have you seen?" he asks. "Declare it at once." "I have seen a small speck of dust on the extreme verge of the southeast!" "Glory to the eternal God," cries the bishop, starting to his feet. "Brethren, our prayers are heard!" All run to the ramparts. The speck of dust has become a cloud. It grows larger and larger. It bristles with spears and is dotted with banners. A sound breaks on the ear like that of a storm raging in a forest. A sudden wind, springing up, blows away the dust, and reveals to the enraptured Orleanists the impatient squadrons of ÆTIUS and THEODORIC, pressing onwards to the relief of their tottering city!

Armoricans, Saxons, Burgundians, Alans, Ripuarians, Franks, are all united under Ætius the Roman, and Theodoric the Goth, to expel the Huns, their common foe, from the fields of Gaul.

Attila instantly comprehends his danger. Blazing with indignation at being compelled to forego the plunder of a city that his troops have already entered, he nevertheless feels how a check, not to mention a defeat, in the heart of Gaul would

prove an irretrievable disaster to his army in the presence of such a host as now opposed him. Sounding a quick recall, he abandons the siege at once, moves northeastwardly towards the Moselle, till he comes to the great plains of the champaign country then called the Catalaunian Fields, near the town of Chalons. Here, where the smooth and level surface of the land favor the operations of the Scythian cavalry, he takes his final stand and awaits the enemy. His army, however, does not consist of Huns alone. Rugians from the Baltic, Heruli from the Euxine, Thuringians from Germany, Gepidæ from the Oder and Vistula, Ostrogoths from the Danube, fight beneath his banner in great numbers, either from fear or from a desire to share in his plunder. All the nations of Europe, therefore, from the Atlantic to the Volga, are represented in mighty armies assembled at Chalons, on the Marne. Then begins a conflict, fierce, various, obstinate, bloody beyond all precedent, *Atrox, multiplex, immane, pertinax, cui simile nullum unquam narrat antiquitas*, are the words of the contemporary historian. The number slain has been variously estimated from 162,000 to 300,000. It was beyond all odds the most gigantic and important battle ever fought in Europe. While it raged, the very existence of mighty nations trembled in the balance. Both armies strive to possess the hill of Mury, the key of the battle-field. The Huns are successful. The Roman ranks are broken, and Theodoric slain at the head of his Visigoths. But his son, Torismond, burning to avenge his father's death, charges the Huns on the flank with irresistible fury and restores the battle. The Huns, victorious in one wing, have advanced too far without proper support; the step is a false one, and their dauntless foes combine to make it fatal. Attila is driven back to his camp, and night alone saves him from complete destruction. But his spirit is still unconquerable. He establishes some kind of order in the wrecks of his army drawn up within the circle of their wagons. In the middle they pile their saddles, their rich cavalry furniture, their plunder of all kinds, their women and children, their food and their camp equipage into one immense pyramid, grimly resolved, if their intrenchments are forced, to set fire to the gigantic pile and perish in the flames to a man rather than fall into the enemy's hands. But the enemy, hardly conscious of his great and most important victory, never thinks of pressing home his advantage. Attila escapes. He passes the Rhine unmolested, the Franks under Merovæus carefully guarding his rear, and the savage Thuringians, merciless as the Huns themselves, but under worse discipline, plunder, burn, and destroy everything they meet with a barbarous cruelty and a reckless wantonness that eighty years later bring down on their descendants the terrible vengeance of the Franks under Clovis, grandson of that very Merovæus, the Frankish chieftain, who is now fighting so bravely by their side.

But who is the maiden whose bold attitude and sublime confidence, kindling hope in the hearts of men, have roused them to a sense of their duty and their honor? Has her name vanished from the pages of history? Has the remembrance of her services faded from the hearts of her people? No. Her name is still one of the best beloved and best known in French households. Her memory, perpetuated by many a song and story, is particularly cherished by the grateful people of the city that, under God, she was the means of saving from the ploughshares of the Huns 1425 years ago. With some of Genevieve's memories, as connected with her historic city, this rambling paper must conclude.

She was born in Nanterre, a little village west of Paris, her parents

being, most probably, poor peasants. In pictures she is often represented as tending sheep. A cellar and a well bearing her name point out the place of her birth to this day. When she was about seven years of age, St. Germanus of Auxerre and St. Lupus of Troyes, while on their way to Britain, at that time very much disturbed by the Pelagian heresy, passed through Nanterre. The people, delighted at the opportunity of entertaining such distinguished visitors, went out with their children to welcome them and receive their benedictions. Germanus, moving through the crowd, casts his eye on a little maid kneeling devoutly before him. He stops at once, bends to kiss her, and asks for her parents. "Blessed are you," he says to them, "in having this child for a daughter. She will be great before God; for, moved by her example, many will decline from sin, and receive the eternal recompense from Christ our Lord." Then after a short pause, he addresses the child herself: "My daughter Geneveva." She replies; "Thy little maiden listens." The Saint asks: "Wilt thou dedicate thyself to Christ as his bride?" She replies: "Blessed be thou, my father. Thou hast spoken my desire. I pray to God earnestly that he will grant it to me." "Be of good cheer, dear child," replies Germanus. "What thou believest in thy heart and confessest by thy lips, that perform in work. God will add virtue and fortitude to thy comeliness."

They now enter the church, and sing nones and vespers, the bishop all the time holding his hands on the little maiden's head and moving his lips in prayer. When her father, Severus, retired in the evening with his daughter, Germanus tells him to bring her back early next morning. At daybreak Severus punctually reappears, holding his child by the hand. The old Bishop smiles and says: "Hail, daughter Geneveva, dost thou recall the promise thou didst make yesterday?" The little maiden answers: "I remember well what I promised to thee, my father, and to my God, that I would preserve the chastity of my mind and the integrity of my body to the end." Then the holy Bishop picking up from the ground a little brass coin marked with the sign of the cross, gives it to her, saying: "Bore a hole in this coin; wear it round thy neck in remembrance of me and of thy promise, and let no other metal ornament, gold, or silver, or pearl, ever adorn thy neck or thy fingers." Then bidding her farewell, the holy Bishop resumes his journey.

At fifteen Genevieve is presented to the Bishop of Paris, who consecrates her to a religious life. She is soon distinguished by her extraordinary sanctity and her miraculous powers. She lives on a little barley bread and a few beans stewed in oil; not until after fifty, and then only in obedience to the express command of the Bishop, does she eat fish and drink milk. Feeling a great reverence for the memory of St. Denis, she wishes to build a church in his honor, and urges the priests to undertake the work. They hesitate, alleging different pretexts, saying among other things that there was no means of burning lime. "Go, cross the city bridge," says Geneveva, "and tell me what you will hear." The priests leave her, and as they cross the city bridge they hear two swineherds conversing together. One says, "As I was following a pig of mine the other day, it led me into the forest to a large limekiln." "That is nothing wonderful," replies the other. "While I was wandering in the forest I found a sapling uprooted by the wind, and what was under its roots but an old limekiln." The priests repeat what they hear. Saint Geneveva smiles with joy, and sets the priests to work. The people assist, until the church of St. Denis is at last built and roofed in.

This incident, taken from an old legendary life of the Saint, is very interesting in an historical point of view as showing how, in consequence of civil wars and barbarian invasions, the arts had so far decayed since the time of the Romans that the Gauls had actually forgotten how to build limekilns.

We have seen how an army of barbarians has been repulsed by the Saint's sublime confidence, but the new invaders, the Franks, are barbarians of a different stamp. Rome had fallen. Roman Gaul was torn up and defenceless. The strong hand and the organizing head could alone save it. The Franks brought both. But the conquest of Gaul by the Franks cannot occupy us now. We are only concerned with Geneveva. What she did against Attila we already know. Against the Franks she distinguished herself likewise by her extraordinary devotions. Whilst they were besieging Paris, that city suffered terribly from famine, the harvest having been destroyed and the country laid waste. In this emergency the Saint herself set out at the head of a company appointed to procure provisions, conducted them to Arcis and Troyes, collected sufficient supplies, and taking charge herself of the loaded boats, guided them safely down the Seine until they reached the starving city. This seasonable relief probably enabled the Parisians to conclude favorable terms with the besiegers, for we do not find that the Franks ever exercised any harshness towards Paris. On the contrary their terrible chief, Childebert, though a heathen, had a high regard for Genevieve and submitted to her in many things.

One day, however, having determined to massacre, in cold blood, a great number of captives outside the walls of the city, Childebert, apprehensive of Geneveva's influence over him, gives strict orders to have the gates shut lest she should follow and obtain their pardon. But the pious Saint, hearing that the blood of so many men was about to flow, hurries through the city in an agony of compassion and reaching the gates she puts her hands to them and prays. Though bolted and barred, they open to let her out in pursuit of the king. Overtaking him, she falls down before him, and will not be comforted until she has obtained pardons for all the wretches that he had doomed to massacre.

Acts of practical charity like these and thousands of others, together with her reputation for extraordinary sanctity, win for her not only the love and admiration of her own people, but also those of the heathen tribes who now for the first time came in contact with the humanizing effects of Christianity.

Her influence over Clovis, co-operating with that of St. Clotilda his queen, has great effect towards converting that monarch and his savage followers to a faith which, in spite of many crimes, sufferings, invasions, and temptations, their descendants have never since completely abandoned. Nor have these descendants ever forgotten the blessed Saint to whom they were indebted for it. Her name is still looked on in Paris as the type of all that is modest and purest in conventual life, as well as of everything most admirable in acts of charity and benevolence. Holy and distinguished orders, both of men and women, have been founded in her honor. Twice a year, in winter and summer, her festival is still celebrated with great solemnity, joy, and piety by the people both of Paris and Nanterre.

Dying at the age of 90, about the same time as her friend Clovis, her remains are deposited side by side with his in the church of Sts. Peter aud Paul, which the Frankish king had erected on the "Mountain of Paris" to show the sincerity of his conversion. Innumerable miracles performed at her shrine have made

her tomb the best known in France, and the lapse of 1350 years has not diminished its glory. In fact, after a few hundred years, Clovis's basilica lost the name of the great Apostles and was known as the Church of St. Genevieve, the appellation that it bears to this day.

The history of that church is interesting enough to form the subject of a paper for itself. It must not be touched upon now, further than to say that more than a century ago Clovis's basilica had fallen into such decay that Louis XV, grateful for recovery from a dangerous fit of illness, gave orders for a new and splendid edifice, of which he laid the foundation-stone himself in 1764. This is the church that forms such a conspicuous point in every picture of Paris, and reminds us a little of St. Peter's in Rome. It is hardly, however, open to worship when the terrible Revolution breaks out. The powers of darkness seem to be let loose. The shrine of the holy and beloved Saint is melted for the mint, and her sacred ashes are burned in the Place de Grève, the scene of the public executions. Her church is turned into a Pantheon to receive the remains of the "great men" of France. The cross is torn down, the tricolor put in its place, and, as no men have so many gods as those who believe in none, the body of Mirabeau is solemnly installed in the Pantheon to receive by law the honors that have been accorded to the Holy Maid of Nanterre! Many other foolish and impious things are done, to which we cannot now even allude.

One of the first acts of Napoleon III was to restore the Pantheon to religion. On the 3d of January, 1853, the relics of the beloved Saint, the little that was left of them, inclosed in a shrine of richly chased gold-work, were carried with great ceremony from Notre Dame in the midst of an immense procession filled with holy gratitude and joy. They now repose at last in the majestic temple intended for them. Oh that we could hope that they may never be disturbed again, and that the period of revolutions is past, both for the city that Genevieve loved so well, and for the country of which it is the beautiful capital!

The church itself is richly ornamented with everything that can contribute to the splendor and solemnity of worship. In one of the transepts is the Virgin's altar, in the other that of St. Genevieve. On the walls behind the high altar is painted a gigantic fresco in the Byzantine style. In the centre is our Lord; St. Peter and St. Denis on his right; St. Paul and St. Genevieve on his left. Overhead are these words: MEMENTOTE PRÆPOSITORUM VESTRORUM, *Remember those above you!* The heathen bas-reliefs on the pediment still remain outside, and the dedication to the "great men" of France is still visible in large letters on the frieze, but the saving CROSS once more overtops them all. Such glaring testimonials of man's impotent vanity and folly only render its power more evident and its triumph more glorious!

EDWARD ROTH.

A VISIT TO PIUS THE NINTH'S BIRTHPLACE.

It was a hot day in July, in fact the fourth of that month, when we left Rome on our way to Ancona. The sky was brilliantly blue, and the air light and exhilarating; but wherever the sun shone the earth seemed to bake, the grass to droop languidly, and the water to gleam with unusual brightness. As we journeyed on the heat increased, and the train felt like a furnace. The rapid rate at which we proceeded scarcely produced the faintest of zephyrs, and even the flowers around the railway track remained unmoved in their stillness as we passed. Our way occasionally lay between groves of trees or clumps of stunted brushwood, and there the noisy chirp of the *cicala* was heard clear and distinct above the roar and rattle of the cars. But as evening came on the air grew cooler, and the tints of the setting sun varied on hill and tower and meadow, with a wealth and variety of color that only the pencil of a Claude could worthily portray. As we entered Ancona night had come down, and the ships in the harbor loomed dark and formless in the distance, their presence being more clearly indicated by the lights that hung at bow and stern, and which were reflected in wavering lines from the surface of the sea.

Next morning—a repetition of the previous day in brightness and beauty—we left Ancona for Sinigaglia, fifteen miles away, the birthplace and early home of our present Holy Father Pope Pius IX. The route lies close to the shore, and the Adriatic is on our right all the way. What a scene it is! how full of charm and of history! Here in presence of this vision of beauty you feel that the writings of the old poets, those early nature-worshippers, are not exaggerations, and you recognize that there is cause for the enthusiasm that has been poured forth on Italy by the multitude of modern authors who have written upon it. It seems as if this land is pervaded by an atmosphere which induces that luxurious idleness, that *dolce far niente*, as the Italians themselves express it, that sybaritic enjoyment of the natural as opposed to the artificial and busy life, which are so frequently associated with the habits and dispositions of the people. Nature, I suppose, only reflects our own thoughts, and we receive from a scene just the complement of what we bring to it. Other seas may be more beautiful, other skies more fair, other breezes laden with sweeter perfumes; but one can scarcely think so in presence of this great expanse of sea, blue and brilliant as lapis lazuli, with its thin band of silver spray, washed in by the tiniest of wavelets on to the beach, which is a deep golden fringe of yellowest sand. Away in the far distance a few brown-sailed barks float with scarcely perceptible motion, and furnish the mind with a link between man and nature. The traditions, the poetry, the romance, and the ancient glories which render this sea so celebrated, are suggested by these distant barks. Up in the north, a few hours' journey from here, the city of Venice, the bride of the sea, sits solitary, meditating on the visions of her ancient renown, when her water-ways were filled with the spoils of the luxuriant East, her Doges arrayed in the pride and pomp of state and power, and the arts bringing their richest treasures to adorn her temples and palaces. This sea has throbbed six centuries ago to the fleet of the Crusaders on their way to the Holy Land, and later still to the ships of the Christian victors

returning from the battle of Lepanto, where the power of the Turk was broken by the forces of united Christendom.

Like almost every city in Italy, Sinigaglia has a history dating far back, although the chief interest of its story centres around the period of the middle ages. A local tradition asserts that the site of Sinigaglia was primarily inhabited by the Senone Gauls, who descended at an early period on these shores and made themselves masters of the fertile lands between the Apennines and the Adriatic, and spread to a considerable distance to the north and south of Sinigaglia. For nearly three centuries they held possession of this territory. The country afterwards became a Roman colony, and when the barbarians overran Italy it suffered the usual fate of other colonies, being devastated by Alaric, and afterwards subjected by Astolfus. It rejoiced at the victory which the French gained over the Longobards led by Desiderus,—he who sought to depose the Roman Pontiff, but lost his own kingdom instead. It swore submission to Pope Adrian I, and then became one of the fine cities called the maritime Pentapolis. The Saracens, those pirates and prowlers of the Mediterranean, harassed these shores and inflicted much suffering on the inhabitants of Sinigaglia; but in these sore straits the Pontiffs came to its assistance, and Cardinal Albornoz constructed fortifications to resist the Saracenic attacks. Like castles and forts of great strength are to be seen along the western coast of Italy, all built to resist the raids of the Saracens. The powerful family of Malatesta inflicted much tyranny, which resulted in strife and bloodshed over Sinigaglia; and this continued until it was given in feud by Pope Sixtus IV to Giovanni della Rovere. It fell into the possession of the infamous Cæsar Borgia, who rendered it the scene of a gross deed of treachery and assassination in 1502, by entrapping his allies into the palace, and putting them to death, in order that he alone might rule. The celebrated Francesco Maria, Duke of Urbino, fortified the city in a better fashion, and it finally became united to the Pontifical States under Pope Urban VIII, who gave it over in feud to various lords; they gradually exercised sovereignty over it, so that it was almost lost to the supreme dominion of the Pontiff. Its last disaster was its annexation to the so-called "Kingdom of Italy" in 1860.

Protecting the town from the sea is the castle, a building that would have delighted the heart of Sir Walter Scott, and would have figured prominently in his romances, had he known of it. It is built of a stone which has become of a dark reddish-brown tint by the effects of time. Its keeps, and towers at the corners, and turrets rising within its outer wall, its merlons, and loop-holes, and drawbridge, spanning the deep, but now waterless moat, are dark and gloomy even under the brilliant gaze of the summer sun. It has a half-prison, half-fortification look about it, that is disagreeable and out of harmony with the surrounding scenery. In the empty moat which surrounds it, a luxuriant vegetation creeps along the sides of the sloping walls and clings to the dark stones, which it conceals as with a thick veil of foliage. On the bottom grow tall wall-flowers, of various hues, that in other lands are only seen in conservatories. And, as we look across the drawbridge to the gloomy portal, the only noise that disturbs the warm silence is the drowsy hum of the bee, or the gentle dash of the waves on the beach.

But the central point of interest to the Catholic visitor is the Palazzo Mastai Ferretti, in the heart of the city, the palace in which John Mary Mastai Ferretti, our Holy Father Pius IX, was born, on the 13th of May, eighty-five years ago. Near the cor-

ner of a dull and empty street stands a large square building, with very few external ornaments, either in color or architecture, whose wide-arched entrance opens into a gloomy and ill-paved courtyard. This is the palace of the Mastai Ferretti family. On the walls at various places were painted inscriptions done with stencil plates and color, calling on the people to rejoice over some Garibaldian anniversary. This was the revolutionary system of inculcating the new doctrines in politics; and the taste was exceedingly questionable, which suggested the act of placing this record on the house of the relatives of him who had been despoiled by this revolution.

As we ascend the stair, which is not well lighted, although the sunlight without is blindingly brilliant, we think how many times the child John Mary must have gone up and down these steps, with childish laughter on his lips and no cares in his heart, save those a kind mother would soon conjure away. He must have played in this courtyard, which was, perhaps, more attractive eighty years ago than it is to-day. One wonders did any of his companions ever dream that their cheerful playfellow would one day wear the tiara, and that their city should become remarkable in the history of the nineteenth century through his name. Here, in one of the halls on the first floor, the association between the place and the Pontiff becomes more evident. His portrait as a Bishop, where he is represented young and handsome, hangs upon the wall, and the features that distinguish him to-day are such as age and care would develop from those of that period. Another portrait, taken later, seems to be less artistic, and the artist has not caught the likeness well. That, indeed, is not to be wondered at, for there is probably no distinguished personage in Europe to-day so difficult to portray truly, either in painting, or sculpture, or even by the art of photography. No likeness gives the proper idea of the gentleness which lights up the eye, and the beauty, which has been described as resembling the light of a taper shining through an alabaster lamp, which beams from the countenance.

On the third floor, a large empty room, with a wide-arched shallow niche in one wall, is the room in which the present Pontiff was born. It is unoccupied and unfurnished now, but in the niche, as we were told by the old servant who accompanied us through the palace, stood the bed in which the infant was placed. The second floor is the *piano nobile*, the private residence of the family; here are the *salons* and reception rooms, the choice furniture and paintings, the home of the Pontiff's relations. And as we descended the stairs, we thought of the young boy of eleven setting out from his home to begin his school life away at Volterra. Then we see him again returning home at the age of 18, wearing the habit of the priestly student, and dwelling with his parents for four years, studying on the borders of this beautiful sea, and praying in the neighboring Cathedral. And as the years passed, and he rose into favor before God and men, we behold him revisiting his native city in the Bishop's purple, and, finally, in the white habit of the Pontiff.

We afterwards proceeded to a hospital for old men, built and maintained in greater part by the sovereign Pontiff. Here a number of old men, whose ages ranged from 65 to 80, worn out and helpless, are tended by the sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, and in their declining years receive the shelter of a home, with more comforts than they were ever heretofore accustomed to, from the benevolence and charity of Pius IX. How garrulous they were in their praise of him! How affectionately one old fellow pointed out to us the bust of the Pontiff, and kissed it

with tears in his eyes and blessings on his lips! An orphanage is near at hand in which the helpless and well-nigh hopeless young are cared for and taught trades, and what is still better, taught how to be Christians and good members of society. Thus Pius IX smooths the brief journey of the aged who are nearing their time of departure from this world, and thus he prepares the young, who are nearing their entrance into "the struggle for existence," with every proper means to conduct this struggle, in an honest, industrious, and Christian manner. It was exceedingly touching to light, in this little city, so removed from the ordinary route of the traveller, upon these evidences, which are like so many hidden evidences of the Holy Father's charity and goodness of heart.

In the afternoon as we passed through the city we noticed signs of unusual activity. The people of Sinigaglia were preparing for their great annual fair, which begins on the 20th of July and lasts till the 8th of August. During this time merchants and traders pour in from all parts of Italy, from South Austria, Germany, and even the Levant, with their products, and for the purpose of purchase. It is only second to the great Fair of Leipsic. The late Cardinal Wiseman, whose sister married Count Gabrielli of Fano, thirteen miles from Sinigaglia, and who in his visits to his brother-in-law doubtless frequently witnessed this cosmopolite gathering, has left the following lively description of it: "Every article, from costly jewelry for the noble, to the coarsest wares for the peasantry, may be met with in this universal emporium. Tradesmen from Venice, Geneva, Trieste, France, Germany, and the Levant, display their various merchandise, not in small parcels to tempt the casual stroller, but in bales and cases, for the supply of the inland dealers. Every dialect of the Italian language, cut into by the rougher tones of the transalpine or the guttural jargon of transmarine languages, is heard, generating a Babel of sounds. On all sides are greetings of dear friends, who only meet once a year at the fair, yet are as loud and hearty in their salutations as though they were sworn brothers. From a semicircle of fifty miles radius (the city being upon the sea) the population pours in with serious intentions of laying out their money to some purpose; while crowds of Roman, Tuscan, and other idlers, come to enjoy a lounge through this bazaar-city, or partake of its amusements. In the thoughts of the former the custom-house officers have a considerable place; for as all the merchandise comes in free and pays its duty upon passing the gates to enter into the country, many are the schemes and devices for escaping the vigilance of these most inconvenient and inconsiderate officials. Much that is bought is concealed in the town, so as to evade the minute domiciliary visit which closes the fair, and then is gradually conveyed home. What is in use passes of course free; hence troops of countrymen, turned to color of bronze, as they go out of the gates shade their delicate complexions from the sun with their new umbrellas; and young men protect themselves against the chill of Italian dog-days with well-lined and fur-collared cloaks wrapped close around them. Dropsies, too, look very common, and pocket handkerchiefs seem vastly like shawls. A sudden fashion seems to have come in of wearing double apparel, and many can no longer tell the time without at least three watches in their pockets, yet great is the squabbling, the entreating, the bullying at the gates; and many faint just at that particular moment, and cannot recover unless they drive outside and feel the country air. In fact it is an epoch of the year to which everything is referred; a person is said to have

died or to have gone abroad before or after the last fair of Sinigaglia; many know only those two periods in the year."

As night came down we turned our steps to the sea once more, and walked out upon the long mole, and sat under the tall lighthouse, whose sparkling fire proclaims to the distant mariner that shelter and protection await him here. And strange thoughts and memories commingled. A few days ago we had seen the Pontiff in all the honor of his eighty-five years, with his crown of snow-white hair, surrounded by the homage of the Catholic world; and here in Sinigaglia we seemed to be standing beside the cradle of the child that afterwards became Pontiff, watching him in his boyhood and dimly tracing his brilliant career through the passing years until he reached the highest position that man can attain to on earth. But as all this passed before us, we were reminded of the remark made by the old guide to the author of the *Pilgrimage of the Tiber*, as he stood at the source of that historical river and beheld it bubble up through the soil and set off upon its long journey: "*E questo,*" said the old guide, "*si chiama il Tenere à Roma*—And this is called the Tiber at Rome!"

LA VIERGE AUX RUINES.

Chapter I.

About four o'clock in the morning on the 24th of July, 1794, a cart was slowly passing out of the town of Arras, driven by a wagoner, and escorted by four soldiers. It contained five prisoners.

This mournful caravan set out from the town-hall, and wended its way towards Cambria, where the revolutionary tribunal was in session. These prisoners were tied with strong ropes. One was the farmer of Prince de Vaudemont, and had aided him to escape,—it was considered a crime in those times to *rob* the scaffold of a victim; the other was a venerable old man with long white hair, for many years the beloved curé of a village in the vicinity of Arras. He had been found teaching peace and moderation to his flock, and had been denounced and arrested as preaching sedition. The three others were hospital sisters, accused of being aristocrats, they who had taken vows of poverty and humility. The old priest recited, in a low tone, the sad psalm of the *miserere*, and the sisters responded.

Day commenced to dawn. At the thought that perhaps it would be the last on earth for them, the prisoners became silent, and tears flowed down their cheeks. "God, the Creator of this marvellous world, casts now perhaps an eye of compassion on us," they said. "Let us raise our souls to heaven," and with a grave, solemn voice the priest commenced to pray.

Four hours later they arrived at Cambria, and were taken to the city prison. Early in the day the public accuser, named Cambrière, made out the list of those who were to appear at the bar of revolutionary justice during the day. Just then the cart entered the court, and two turnkeys led out the old priest, named Jacques Beranger, and placed him in a corner of the yard. He was untying one of the sisters, when the jailer came, and said:

"But, Citizen Cambrière, I have

no more room for these aristocrats."

"Well, don't trouble yourself about them; I will send them straight to the revolutionary court, where I am going myself."

And the cart proceeded to the hall where Cambrière and Lebon held their court. The old priest in the corner had been "forgotten."

"And that one?" said one of the jailers. "Citizen Cambrière, will not have his quota."

"Pshaw!" said another, "he has enough for to-day; let him be reserved for to-morrow."

The priest was confined in a cell with twenty other prisoners, whilst the farmer and good sisters were conducted to the tribunal, judged, condemned, and an hour later the same cart drove them to the guillotine erected on La Place d'Armes. The next day the Citizens Cambrière and Lebon were not to sit upon the judges' seat at the tribunal.

The next day they were about to resume their terrible duties, when they received the news of Robespierre's death—a death which annihilated their power and threatened them with the same fate that they had dealt to others. The streets of Cambria re-echoed with cries of joy; a number of persons hurried to La Place d'Armes, and overthrew that scaffold, dyed with the blood of so many innocent victims; whilst others hastened to burst open the prison-gates, and free the poor prisoners, and bear them off in triumph. What joy for those unfortunate ones who thought themselves doomed to death, and instead of that saw the doors opened, and freedom once again theirs! Every one finding in the crowd a brother, a wife, a friend, they wept, they embraced each other, and they laughed.

The good priest was the last to leave the prison; he hastened, however, to set off for Arras, where he had left two young girls, his nieces; he was walking on, thanking God for his infinite goodness, when he saw a wagon, and the driver was watering his horses at a fountain near by.

"Ah, it is you, Mons. Béranger; you are free? Well, I am indeed glad of it!"

"Thank you, my friend! Thanks to God, the guillotine is overthrown, and the prisoners free!"

"Will you avail yourself of my wagon? It is the one that brought you here, but don't be angry with me. You see I could not refuse, my head was in danger. Come, good father, mount beside me; the way is long, the sun burning, and the road is dusty."

"Thank you, friend! I accept your kind offer. Now your wagon takes me to my poor nieces; I long to get home."

When they arrived at Arras, night had set in; the wagoner would take no compensation. The good old man thanked him, and hurried home, where his nieces had concealed themselves during the reign of terror. . .

Chapter II.

In a miserable little room, under the roof, were seated two young girls, working steadily; a dim lamp lighted this gloomy dwelling, which contained only a worm-eaten bed, a table, and two chairs. They were sewing in silence.

Jeanne, the eldest, with bent head, was weeping silently. Marguerite, the younger, looked at her stealthily, and seemed to be making an effort to restrain her own pent-up grief; finally, giving way to her emotion, she uttered a long moan. Jeanne raised her eyes, and, looking at her sister tenderly, said:

"Marguerite, you know our good uncle's teachings, 'God is the master; whatsoever he does, is well done.'"

"Poor uncle," said Marguerite,

"where is he now? Perhaps he is dead."

"Oh, do not say that," said Jeanne; "that thought terrifies me. Although we are in such deep trouble at present, that it were better that he should be in heaven, God will have been merciful to him."

"Jeanne," replied Marguerite, "God has already had pity on us; he has sent us work, while so many poor people have none. Oh, God is good!"

At that moment a loud knock was heard at the door. The two sisters crept near to each other, and trembled from fright; they whispered to each other, hesitating what to do. A second knock increased their perplexity; but a voice from outside cried out:

"Jeanne, Marguerite, it is I! Open the door!"

At the sound of the well-known voice, Marguerite rushed to open the door, and was soon in the arms of her beloved old uncle, the venerable Jacques Béranger.

Jeanne had sank on a chair, incapable of moving, looking at him with wild eyes; the old man she had thought dead, or at least in the depths of a dungeon.

"Well, what is the matter, my poor Jeanne? It is I, your old uncle."

At this voice the young girl recovered herself; a long sob burst forth from her breast, and she folded her arms around his neck without being able to utter a syllable.

"Is it possible," said Marguerite, "that you have returned to us forever—never to leave us! Oh, no misfortune can reach us now! You are here."

The old man related to them what had happened, and how he had been liberated. After that Jeanne and Marguerite opened their uncle's chamber, which they had kept closed during his absence, and, kneeling down before an old picture of the Blessed Mother, thanked God for this new blessing.

Two years passed, and they seemed swift to the young girls, for, although they worked to support the one who had given them shelter when they were left orphans, they lived peacefully and contentedly. This quietude was to be troubled, however, for God sends severe trials even to his faithful servants. The merchant for whom they sewed failed and fled, carrying off quite a sum which he owed them for work which they had done; they thus suddenly found themselves without work, and soon without food. They were obliged to sell their clothes piece by piece to supply their daily wants, so that their good uncle did not realize their straitened position until the last moment.

Christmas came; the landlord called for the quarter's rent due for the two rooms they occupied. Alas! there was no money to pay the rent. He was a harsh man, and became angry and insulting, and Jacques Béranger learned for the first time the dreadful condition of the household. In vain Jeanne and Marguerite implored the inexorable landlord to have pity on them and wait awhile for his money. "I cannot be satisfied with idle promises," said he, "seek another shelter. Your furniture will scarcely suffice to pay the rent, but I will nevertheless retain it; but vacate as soon as possible."

"Oh, sir, everything here is yours, but I entreat you to leave us this old picture; it is an heirloom, and we have so long and often knelt before it to supplicate the intercession of the sweet Madonna, she has so often answered the petitions we have addressed her, that it seems too hard to give her up, as if we had lost every friend on earth and in heaven, to part with her sacred image too. It is very old, and cannot be of any intrinsic value."

"I can't help it; everything belongs to me here, the picture included, or produce right off the rent-money."

The poor old priest remained dumb with astonishment. That night a bailiff came with a demand of payment within twenty-four hours. The poor children retired crushed and heartbroken, and all night long through the thin partition dividing his little room from theirs they heard him pray, and sigh, and moan. The following day the bailiff returned; he seized the furniture forthwith in the name of the landlord, and a bill was posted on the door of the house announcing the sale of it, and that the house was "for rent." At noon they saw everything carried off to the public square, and they wept bitterly in silence. The good priest leaned against the wall; he had not even a chair to sit upon; he was sad and dejected. The bailiff returned and examined every corner minutely, and said in a somewhat softened tone, "Pardon me if I discharge a painful duty, but my orders are rigid; I must carry away the key of these rooms." He dared not tell them to leave. Jacques Béranger understood it, and taking his nieces by the hand, walked off, casting back a last look on the dwelling which had sheltered them through many a storm. A poor neighbor was on the step of her door; without saying a word she pointed to her room, signifying, "This is all I have, share it!" The two sisters entered sobbing.

"You see, my children," said their good uncle, "that God does not abandon us. Take courage!"

On the public square they were selling the shabby old furniture. The beds, tables, and chairs had all been disposed of; the picture alone remained. Jacques Béranger approached it, and contemplated it for the last time, with moistened eyes, offering in his heart a little prayer begging for help and protection.

"Come," said the curé, "how much for this picture?" "One crown," said a dealer. "One crown," said the vender; "that is not high."

The old man turned to leave, with a heavy heart, when a voice from the crowd called out, "One hundred francs." The priest paused and listened; one hundred francs would more than satisfy the landlord's claim; he would willingly have kissed the unknown deliverer.

"Two hundred francs," said another voice.

A murmur ran through the crowd.

In those revolutionary days, when the religion of Christ was forbidden, it was considered almost a crime to purchase a religious picture; however, a stranger made his way through the crowd, and casting a haughty look around him said, "Five hundred francs." "Eight hundred," said a dealer. "One thousand," said the stranger.

"What are they selling, sir?" said two officers who were passing.

"My household furniture," replied the old priest. "A picture has already been bid for one thousand francs. I was not aware of my wealth."

"Indeed; let us have a glimpse of it," said the oldest of the two officers, looking at the old man with some emotion.

"Ten thousand francs," he cried before he had pierced the crowd. This cry made the astonished crowd make way for him, and he soon found himself in front of the picture gazing upon it with ecstasy.

The stranger, in perfect surprise, instantly said, "Fifteen thousand;" but the officer offered again "Sixty thousand."

Murmurs were heard again, and threats were made in an undertone.

"I recognize it as the work of the celebrated Raphael," said the officer. "I shall offer it to the French Government as a valuable conquest."

This officer was one of the bravest

generals of the French Republic. You may judge of the delight of the poor family.

The old priest invested the funds safely; rented a pretty cottage in the country, which he and his nieces inhabited, and also the poor neighbor who gave them a shelter in their troubles.

To-day may be seen the picture of "La Vierge aux Ruines," in the gallery of the Louvre at Paris.

MAGDALENE.

Let fall the glorious tresses that adorn
A head once lifted up in pride and power;
Those waving locks that circle o'er a brow
Surpassing fair; half veiling radiant eyes
That once were raised to conquer and to slay
In all their might of beauty! But to-day
Lay down thy weapons, for a mightier foe
Than all among those ranks of feeble men,
(Who when they see thy face are shorn of strength,)
Hurls down thy pride! An eye more keen than all,
Stronger and tenderer, has o'ermastered thee
To win thy soul. Behold, thy day has come!
Down in the dust! And let the o'erladen heart
Break forth in tears to bathe the holy Feet—
The Feet that wearied not in seeking thee:
Low in the dust! beneath the holy Eyes,
The all-pure Eyes that deign to look on thee:
Low in the dust! beneath the sacred Hands,
The Hands so soon to be transfixed for thee.
Bend down, and let the torrent of thy grief,
Thy passionate sorrow, find itself a path,
A hallowed channel, where with rapid rush,
Borne on by weight of hard and heavy pain,
It may discharge its stream in that vast gulf,
Whose deepest limits never has been reached,
The gulf divine—the Heart of thine own Lord!
Here thou mayest weep, and never weep in vain:
Here thou mayest love, and never love too much:
Here thou mayest trust, and never be deceived:
For tears, and love, and trust, are dear to Him,
Sweet with a precious fragrance, far beyond
The costly perfumes thou hast brought for Him.
Much is forgiven thee, for thou lovest much;
And when His hour has come, thy place shall be,
Last at His Cross and earliest at His grave.
My God, how gently stoops thy pitying love,
And oh, how brightly shine those crowns in heaven
Whose gems are formed with penitential tears!

THE ANCIENT IRISH CHURCH AND IRISH CHURCHMEN.*

I.—THE IRISH AND BRITISH CHURCHES.

THE Christianity of Ireland is from Rome. This is a trite and well-known truth. Ancient Erin, where Cæsar's standards never waved, where Cæsar's edicts never ran, *inaccessa Romanis loca*, as Tertullian says, took on her and her people the yoke of Papal Rome, bowed the neck as lowly as the Sicambrian to the authority of the Vicar of Peter, and for fifteen centuries has never faltered a single instant in that allegiance. The dream, the delusion, or the imposture—it is hard to decide which it should be called—of a pre-Patrician era of Christianity in Ireland, inaugurated by Pope-abhorring disciples of that primitive Protestant, St. Paul, may still linger in some Little Bethels or about the soup-kitchens of some "Irish Church Missionary Society," but beyond those congenial regions it cannot venture. There were, indeed, Christians in Ireland before the sending of Patrick. It could not be otherwise. Engaged in numerous relations of commerce or war, principally the latter, with the coast-dwellers of Britain and Gaul, the Irish clans could not but come in contact with Christianity in a hundred quarters. The fierce and luxurious nobles of pagan Erin swept every neighboring shore in their long galleys in quest of the human chattels who should till the ground for them, herd the oxen for them, spin and weave for them, fashion the gold torques for the neck of lord and lady, dye the variegated mantles that beseemed the state of chiefs and princes, while they and their warriors were left to enjoy the ferocious sport of battle, alone worthy of a freeman, the wild orgies of the triumph revel, and the flatteries of bards and harpers after the foray. As St. Patrick tells us in his Confession, when he, a stripling of sixteen, was borne away to his six years' slavery in the pirate ships of King Neill of the hostages, he made the dolorous voyage in company with "many thousands of others carried away into Ireland into captivity." Hundreds and thousands of British and Gaulish Christians, we may be sure, had languished out their lives in Ireland under pagan taskmasters in the generations previous to Patrick's mission, but though in some isolated instances they may have brought the faith home to the hearts of their captors, it was still true, as old Bishop Marko wrote in the ninth century, following the text of Prosper long before, that "Palladius was the first bishop sent to the Irish to convert them to Christ," and after all, as the Irish proverb says, "not to Palladius, but to Patrick, had God given the grace to convert Ireland."

And Patrick, like Palladius, was sent from Rome, the Pope's missionary by the power of the keys of Peter. So true was it, as Pope Innocent the First, already able to make at the beginning of the fifth century the declaration which in every subsequent age has held good, wrote to Dezentius, "that what has been delivered through the Apostle Peter, Prince of the Apostles, to the Roman Church, and has been ever constantly maintained, must be recognized by all, and that without its authority nothing can be anywhere introduced and nothing anywhere rejected. Especially is it well known to all, that never have churches been established in Italy, in Gaul, in Spain, in Africa and Sicily and the isles of ocean, by any others save the men whom the venerable Peter or

* A paper read before the Academia at the Archbishop's House, Westminster.

his successor had appointed as ministers thereto." The establishment of Christianity in Ireland was not and could not be effected under any other auspices than those of the common Metropolitan of all Churches and Supreme See of Universal Catholicism.

The Papal sanction and authority for Patrick's mission, however, in no manner impugns the substantial reality of the filiation which existed between the young Church of Ireland and the early British Church. The Catholicity of Gaelic Ireland is the spiritual daughter of the Catholicity of Cymric Britain. It was British bishops, with hardly an exception, who filled the original sees of the converted land. In the words of an old chronicler, when Patrick saw the rich harvest that awaited him in Ireland, he passed over to Britain in order to find co-laborers in the vineyard of Christ. There he at the same time combated the Pelagian heresy, confirmed the faithful in the true faith, and collected from all sides multitudes of learned and pious men and brought them back with him to Ireland. Of these he consecrated thirty afterwards as bishops. Among the most illustrious of these British missionaries the Cambrian and Irish Hagiologies have distinguished the names of St. Carantoc, who is said to have made a sort of partition of the work of conversion with St. Patrick, St. Mochta, who deserved the title of Archpriest of Patrick, and St. Modonnoc, whom a charming legend represents as the original bee-master of Irish rural life. Nearly two centuries after, we find St. Amat, in St. Columbanus's great monastery of Luxovium, teaching to the noble virgins of the Burgundian convents the same gentle art of bee-culture which the holy monk of St. David's cloister had brought over with him into Erin.

A terrible catastrophe was soon to place the nascent Irish Church forever beyond the want of pious missionaries from the neighboring island to complete the work of the Gospel among the pagan natives of Ireland. When Irishmen boast and foreigners admire the wondrous celerity and thoroughness with which the Irish nation was converted to the true faith, it is too frequently forgotten that for this great good fortune we were indebted, humanly speaking, to the unexampled misery and awful destruction of another Christian people, and the very people whose generous sons had spontaneously thrown themselves from the outset into the work of Patrick's apostolate. If the glowing faith of Keltic Britain made the foundation of Christianity in Ireland possible, the dying agonies of Keltic Britain it was which inundated the vineyards of the Irish Church with that countless multitude of pious coworkers by whom the Christian future of Ireland was secured. St. Patrick had not completed the first third of his long apostolate on the Irish soil, when the earliest bands of fugitives, hoary priests and consecrated virgins and tender children, ecclesiastics bearing the relics of the saints from desecration and the flames, women flying from dishonor, came pouring into the eastern ports of the kingdom, to tell to Irish convert and over-sea missionary that the floodgates of the North were open against the land of St. Alban, the land where the great Constantine had imbibed the lessons which were to transform the Roman Imperialism to the worship of the crucified, and that the raging billows of devastation were irresistible and not to be resisted. A recent historian of the English people has spoken in no exaggerated terms of the terrible thoroughness of that attack on the Roman civilization and Catholic faith of Britain. It was in vain that some sought shelter within the walls of their churches; for the rage of the invaders seems to have burned fierc-

est against the clergy. The priests were slain at the altar, the churches fired, the peasants driven by the flames to fling themselves on a ring of pitiless steel. It is a picture such as this, Mr. Green continues, which distinguishes the conquest of Britain from that of the other provinces of Rome. It was a sheer dispossession and slaughter of the people whom the English conquered. When the steady progress of the invasion was stayed for a while, after the lapse of a century and a half, the Briton had disappeared from the greater part of the land which had been his own. The whole organization of government and society vanishes with the people who used it; the villas, the mosaics, the coins which are dug up in English fields to-day are no relics of the English past, but of a Roman world which had disappeared before the swords and torches of Hengist's and Horsa's men. Its law, its literature, its manners, went with it. *The new England was a heathen country.* The religion of Woden and Thunder triumphed over the religion of Christ. Alone among the German assailants of Rome the conquerors of Britain rejected the faith of the empire they helped to overthrow. The destroying scimitars of Islam did not more utterly extirpate and annihilate the Christianity of the African churches. In England the clock of civilization was put back for centuries, but Ireland reaped a rich harvest of faith and culture from the calamities which drove the broken remnants of the British nation in a constant stream to the Irish shores for generations. Even with the iron girdle of the Welsh fastnesses, so long the refuge of nationality vivified by religion, Henry the Eighth and Elizabeth have long since completed that apostasy which the Bretwaldas had begun, but the daughter churches of Erin and Brittany still attest the brightness of the faith that once illumined the precipices of Snowdon, and pray to the everlasting throne that the shame which has fallen on Cambria may at length pass away.

II.—THE CONSTITUTION OF THE EARLY IRISH CHURCH.

The constitution of the primitive Irish Church has caused many worthy people an infinitude of embarrassment, and has been the subject of a vast quantity of ingenuous but superficial speculation. If we grasp firmly the idea of a nation of clans converted to Christianity by monks, and among whom the monastic institutions put forth a vigor and exuberance of increase perfectly unparalleled by the story of the Thebaid; if we remember that, where the notions regarding landed property varied between a conception akin to the Russian "Mir" and a still more fluid system, the bounds and jurisdiction of ecclesiastical administration had to reflect some of the surrounding mobility and semi-communalism; if we reflect how the Church can adapt herself indefinitely so long as the essential objects of her institution are not lost in the process; then we shall have no difficulty in living over in thought the life of those early Keltic Christian societies. The Irish flung themselves into the monastic life, because they were the disciples of monks, because the religious life in community was a perfected *clanship in Christ*, because the bent of their genius led them to the combination of prayer, labor, and study, which formed the core of the monastic system, because—and this is perhaps the truest reason of all—because the wondrous apostolate of faith and letters for which Providence had destined the Irish Church in the Europe of those days could not have been accomplished out of the ordinary resources of the nation but for the enthusiasm, the expansibility, and the discipline of monastic organizations. In the awful crisis of the barbaric ascendency, the Irish were to do the work, and to perform the office of Loyola's marvellous

company in the crisis of the Protestant revolution, that second irruption of the Teutonic barbarism into the civilization of Christendom; and the zeal, the self-sacrifice, the forgetfulness of all secular interests, the severing of all private ties, the absorbing cultivation of that learning which was to give them the mastery of the new generations in a score of distant lands, the unmurmuring obedience to the voice of ecclesiastical authority, all these notes of the spiritual soldiery of St. Ignatius were developed at once and on every hand in the Irish Church. In fact the Irish monks were the Jesuits of the dark ages, and a good deal of their history will be elucidated by the comparison.

The principal sees established by St. Patrick and his colleagues, such as Armagh and Clonfert, were surrounded, and as it were invaded on all sides, by a multitude of monasteries with auxiliary bishops. Parochial organization there was and could be none. There was as little jealousy of jurisdiction. Patrick called himself Bishop of Ireland, and a good many of his successors seemed to interpret their charge as extending to wherever there was a need for it. The great monasteries, like Clonard, Bangor, and Clonmacnoise, exercised a *de facto* authority of the widest kind. The laity could not at any rate suffer from any want of spiritual ministrations, for the number of clerics was constantly far and away out of all proportion to what is called in the quasi-statistical language of modern times, "the religious necessities of the population." There was, at the same time, the most thorough substantial unity. The national synods, the primatial see of Armagh, or the direct guidance of Rome, always sufficed to regulate whatever tended to irregularity. It seemed as if the Church of Ireland recognized that its mission was to subordinate all minor considerations to the great end of possessing and developing the ecclesiastical organization, which, as being absolutely devoid of rigidity and formalism, should maximize those qualities of rapid and overwhelming militancy, or combativeness, essential to the functions of the advanced guard of Christendom. Old and settled communities, surrounded by old and settled communities, can range themselves, not only without prejudice, but with advantage, within the strict lines of parochial and diocesan regulation. Among them, the ordinary cares of the priesthood, the performance of the regular service of the Church, the baptizing, marrying, and burying of a decent, respectable, God-fearing, law-abiding population, who only want to live and die as their fathers and mothers lived and died before them; in a word, the habitual and permanent maintenance of established religion can be best provided by a corresponding ecclesiastical order. Far otherwise in ancient Erin, and in the Europe which demanded the apostolate of the early Irish Church. To such a situation we might apply some of the language of modern belligerency, and say that it behooved the Christian forces to keep always in the "open formation" of a vigilant offensive, or, at the least, to have in readiness a simple and efficacious scheme of prompt "mobilization." During all the ages of her European apostolate Christian Ireland lived in "open formation of attack," and, thanks to hosts of faithful champions, encamped in the lightest possible marching order on a hundred points of her soil, it wanted but a signal from the central war office at Rome, a word of command from one of the divisional chiefs at Monasterboyce or Arran, in order to dispatch redoubtable battalions under a Columbkill, a Gallus, or a Columban, to the victorious assault of Satan amid the crags of the Grampians, around the sources of the Rhine, or on the slopes of the Apennines. To meet

the least of the demands which were made generation after generation on the ecclesiastical resources of Ireland, a dozen dioceses, hierarchically constituted on the ordinary "peace footing," would have been thrown into utter confusion. Constituted as Ireland actually was, the missionary expeditions which she was continually pouring forth into the surrounding world could proceed without suffering a break and without causing a deficiency.

III.—THE GENEALOGY OF THE IRISH MONASTICISM.

There can be no more striking proof of the all-embracing unity of Catholic Christendom, at an epoch at which heretic writers vainly try to discern rival theologies and conflicting orthodoxies, than is afforded by the genealogy of Irish monasticism. As Mabillon justly says: "The monastic life was transplanted to Ireland by Patrick, the disciple of the Blessed Martin of Tours," and the fact is in no way called in question by the multitude of British monks and priests who presided under Patrick at the foundation of Irish Christianity. On the contrary, when we see how the monastic institution, taking its root in the Egyptian communities of the holy Antony and Pachomius, modified and tempered by the sage Basil, made known to the Roman world by the great Athanasius, carried into North Africa by Augustine of Hippo, established at Milan by the pastoral care of Ambrose, realized in a score of isles of the Tuscan Sea by pious refugees from the barbaric invaders of Italy, taken up and granted letters of Gaulish naturalization by a Martin of Tours, a Victricius of Rouen, and a Honoratus of Lerin; introduced into Ireland by Patrick, and uniting within its rule the most diverse as well as the most kindred nations—when we see all this occurring without interruption of harmony, and amid an indescribable enthusiasm, what can be more vain and irrational than the theory that there can have been any distinction of faith among the widely sundered brethren of that universal family? Read St. Chrysostom on the monasteries of the Thebaid, then peruse St. Augustine's letter to the holy abbot of Capraria, follow St. Jerome's description of the countless island communities of the Italian coast, hear what St. Paulinus of Nola, an eye-witness, has to say of the life of the Gaulish monks of St. Severus; pass to the other extremity of the chain, to the communities established by the blessed Enda on the lonely isles of Arran, stretched like a natural breakwater between the immensity of the fierce Atlantic and the broad expanse of Galway Bay—and what is the unvarying truth which constantly and inevitably repeats itself? Why, that in order to describe *any one* of those innumerable brotherhoods of believers, Copts and Tuscans, Nubians and Kelts, you may borrow without substantial alteration the words applicable to *any other*. And is it possible to have a more convincing proof of absolute unity? Take Arran, the storm-beat western isle, for instance, and compare the communities founded by Irish Oriel's princely heir with the monastic nations who fled from the dissoluteness of Roman civilization to commune with God amid the deserts of the Upper Nile—and what must be the only possible conclusion when we find the Thebaid transplanted to ancient Erin? "In Arran, as elsewhere in Ireland," says the learned Petrie, "the early monastic establishments were composed of separate cells for the abbot, monks, and clergy, while the houses required for the accommodation of strangers, the kitchen, etc., were all separate edifices surrounded by a *cashel*, or circular wall, and forming a kind of monastery or ecclesiastical town, like those of the early Christians in the

East, and known among the Egyptians by the name of *Laura*." St. Patrick found at Marmoutier, and subsequently at Lerin, the most illustrious chiefs of Gaulish monasticism, Honoratus, Hilarius, Eucherius, Lupus, and many others. In Ireland the companions of his labors were men from the most opposite quarters, the Cymric Carantoc and Modonnoc, Secundinus from Upper Italy, the good Bishop Triamus, a born citizen of Rome. A little later Petrie can speak of "hosts of clergy from Egypt, Rome, Italy, the Frankish kingdoms, Brittany, and Saxony." "This immigration," he continues, "cannot be placed in doubt; for not to speak of the great number of foreign clerics who were the disciples of St. Patrick, and whose names have been preserved partly in his writings, partly in the lives of the oldest and earliest saints of the Irish Church, it suffices to quote the testimony of the Litany of Angus, composed in the year 799, in which mention is made of such a host of foreign saints who had died and were buried in Ireland." I may add that there was in Ireland a "Church of the Greeks," a "town of the Britons," and that the entire county of Mayo was called "Moyna-Sassenach," or Mayo of the Saxons, from the multitude of students from England who flocked over for religious and secular instruction in the first centuries of the conversion of England. In the rivalries which disturbed at times the harmony of the school of the palace under Charlemagne, also, the usual nickname which the excellent but irritable Alcuin applied to the Hibernian teachers who divided with him the favor of the prince, was that of "Egyptians." Again we ask, is it possible to resist the evidence of Christian unity, supplied by the concurrence of the most diverse races in the work and benefits of the primitive Church of Ireland?

The controversy about the time of the observance of Easter and the form of the tonsure, which subsequently arose between the Keltic churches in Wales and Ireland, only brings out more clearly the weight which the Irish attached to the traditions which Patrick had brought from Rome. That, as a fact, the original computation of the Easter date was erroneous, at least to any serious extent, seemed so repugnant to the veneration in which the Irish Church held the See of Peter, that the Irish saints really meant to be more Papal than the Pope himself in insisting on the canonicity of a usage which had been authorized by the preceding Pontiffs. Besides, the Irish Catholics have always been in a sense the most stiff-necked as well as the most devoted of Catholics, and, after all, there is not much essential difference between the disputatious zeal with which a St. Columbanus set himself to lecture the Pope of his day on what was best for the Church in a mere matter of ecclesiastical astronomy, and the ferment which half a century ago was excited against Mgr. Quarantotti and the supposed inclination of the Curia to compromise the rights of the universal as well as the Irish Church in the matter of the "Veto." I do not think that anybody will contend that O'Connell was ever so slightly heretical for his action on that occasion, and the same may be said of even the hottest of the Irish disputants in the Easter controversy. Nor can there be a doubt that the dispute was regarded at that day by both parties as one which, though important, did not touch the faith in any way. Pro-Irish controversialists were as high in the favor of the Holy See as the champions of the Roman usage, and on the side of the Irish we find, as at the great Synod of Maghlene, that a defender of the Roman view, like St. Laserian, consecrated bishop by the hands of Pope Honorius the First in person, was elected by the assembled Fathers as

their delegate to the Holy City—*ad sanctam Civitatum.*

With regard to the British Church, the difference became more envenomed, but this was entirely through local and national circumstances. With profound veneration for the great Saint who first sat in the See of Canterbury, I have been unable to overcome the conviction that greater tact—such as St. Paulinus would have used—would have prevented the unhappy breach at the conference with the representatives of the British Church. There is a considerable amount of human nature even in very good Catholics, and I fear that St. Augustine did not make sufficient allowance for the human nature of those kinsmen and colleagues of the hundreds of the British clergy who had been martyred during the preceding century and a half. It was a great and glorious achievement for Augustine to have been able to present himself to the British bishops with the passport of the Bretwalda of the Saxons, instead of coming as a hunted fugitive from the ferocious Lanzknechts of some unregenerate Osric or Ella. There is no doubt, however, that he would have made a more favorable impression in the latter capacity than in his actual one. For a century and a half priests had been slain at the altar stone, babes unborn ripped from their mothers' womb and tossed on Saxon spears, every outrage and infamy narrated of Bulgaria and Cawnpore committed throughout the length and breadth of the ancient British land; and it is no longer impossible to conceive that the prelate who was supposed to be on very good terms with the Nana Sahibs and Achmet Agas of the time, lost some of his quality of bishop and legate in the eyes of the victims of his recent allies. Of course the Britons were to blame for not setting bounds to their resentment. They showed themselves unable to do the very thing which a Christian ought to seek to do above all things, namely, not only forgive his enemies but love his enemies. If, however, that national quarrel had not rankled in the breasts of the representatives of the British Church, we may be pretty sure there would have been less stress laid on the comparative merits of the old over the new mode of computing the date of the Easter celebration. Fortunately, as we shall see afterwards, the Irish did not share the prejudice of the Cambro-Britons on the irredeemable wickedness of the Saxon race. It is to be suspected at the same time, that a remoter degree of propinquity had much to do with the more Christian views which prevailed in Ireland on the subject, and we find that even Irish saints, like the holy Bishop Dagan, deserved the severe complaints of St. Augustine for the harshness of their opinion regarding the possibility of Anglo-Saxon salvation. St. Gildas also, the British chronicler of the destruction of his country by the ruthless hordes from Jutland, gives little indication in any mildness of judgment upon the perpetrators of the horrors he bewails, that he had resided for years in Ireland in the primatial see of Armagh itself for the purpose, as he tells us, "of drinking there in abundance of the pure streams of the Divine science." If we abstract the influence of some natural sentiments from the facts of the so-called dissension between the Keltic churches and the rest of Christendom, we find exceedingly little left to give a color to certain Protestant romances.

IV.—THE PILGRIMAGES TO ROME.

If there remain a link still to be supplied in the connection between Rome and Ireland, that link is present in the continual pilgrimages *ad limina Apostolorum*, which, as during the golden prime of Anglo-Saxon Christianity, became not so much an occasional outlet and exercise of

devotion, as a regular function of the collective Christianity of the nation. There was a constant coming and going between Rome and Ireland. The movement commenced, it may be said, before Ireland had really obtained a right to be called convert and Christian at all. When Patrick made that excursion of his to Britain to procure additional assistants in the evangelization of the pagan Irish, whom did he meet on his way back, but a troop of his new converts, afterwards revered as the illustrious Saints Lugach, Colman and Meldan, Lugaidh, Cassen and Ciaran, hasting in all ardor to visit the centre and supreme shrine of the adorable Verity, which their great Apostle had been sent to make known to them and their nation. They stayed in Rome sufficiently long to become proficients in the science of the Roman schools and to be consecrated bishops for the service of their native Church, and it is to one of them, St. Ciaran, that the great monastery of Clonmacnoise owed its foundation. So too, St. Enda of Arran, the St. Antony of the West, St. Conlaed of Kildare, St. Ailbhe, who was called the second Patrick, St. Finnian of Clonard, among whose disciples were the holy men celebrated in hymn and legend as the "Twelve Apostles of Ireland," St. Finnian of Moville, afterwards adopted as the Patron Saint of Lucca, St. Flannan of Killaloe, who was honored, like St. Laserian, by receiving the episcopal consecration at the hands of the Pope himself, St. Senanus of Inniscattery, St. Canice, St. Feolan, the Apostle of Brabant, St. Dichuill, whose name has been aptly latinized as Deicola—in a word, almost every saint and sage of primitive Ireland was at some time or other of his life, and, in the case of many, several times, a pilgrim to Rome. Nor was the practice confined to leading ecclesiastics. No Irish scholar felt that his vocation was authorized, however long he might have studied at Clonard, or Clonmacnoise, or Bangor, at Durrow or Armagh, under the most eminent divines and teachers of the day, until he had humbly laid the tribute of his learning at the feet of the Vicar of Christ. To provide accommodation for the continual throngs of Irish pilgrims passing through the ports and cities of the Continent, on their way to the Eternal City, or on their return thence, became a recognized good work among the noble and wealthy Catholics of the Frankish and German realms. On the Rhine, on the Seine, on the Danube, on all the highways and waterways which led towards the seat of Peter's successor, at Cologne, and Paris, and Ratisbon, and Vienna, there arose the hospices for the lodging and refection of the pious scholars of Erin. In out of the way places, where local wealth was wanting to meet the necessary expenditure, the wise munificence of emperors and kings provided shelter and sustenance for those wanderers from Thule, whose indispensable part in the civilization of New Europe was clearly perceived by the wisest of Europe's rulers. The Fathers of the Frankish Church, assembled in Synod at Meaux, made the maintenance of the hospices for the Irish pilgrims the subject of a synodal decree, and even amid the uplands of the Vorarlberg, on the slope of St. Victor's Hill, the pious gratitude of the Emperor Charles the Second built a refuge for twelve Irish pilgrims forever in honor of the Irish anchorite St. Eusebius, a disciple of the Irish monastery of St. Gall, from which the beams of faith and science had shone over Helvetia.

V.—IRELAND THE APOSTLE OF EUROPE.

Endowed with such an admirable organization for missionary enterprise, united to the Holy See by such indissoluble bonds of affection-

ate devotion, sheltered from foreign invasion by the array of her martial clansmen, a few generations before the scourges of maritime Europe, but now the allies of the Christians of Cambria and soon to be the victorious foes of the Vikings, Catholic Ireland did not delay to throw herself into the great work of the evangelization of island and continent with all the singleness of purpose which belongs to the unity of the Roman communion, and all the intense energy, all the fervor, fusing as it were together the emotions of the heart and the forces of the intellect, which have always accompanied the virtues as the defects of the Keltic nature. It has been the design of many writers to admit the wondrous success of the Irish Apostolate in those days only in order to conjure up the vain phantom of an opposition between Rome and Ireland. We who know the facts of history, and have no interest in distorting their lesson, can recognize that all the honor of Christian Erin was only won in the service of Rome. That honor has never been excelled by any other race concerned in the formation of Christendom.

From Ireland came St. Columban the reformer of the Gauls, the founder of the monasteries of Luxueil and Bobbio, those parents of a thousand others; St. Columbkill, the Apostle of Caledonia, St. Foelan, the Apostle of Brabant, St. Killian, the Apostle of the Eastern Franks, St. Aidan, under whom the holy island of Lindisfarne became to England north of the Humber almost all that Iona under Columbkill was to Britain north of the Tweed, the "Luminary," in the well-known words of Johnson, "whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion." From Ireland too sprang those two Apostles of Helvetia and Germany, the Saints Gall and Boniface, though, in the case of the latter, the circumstance that during his residence in England he took the name of Winfrid, probably from some monastic patron, has tended to obscure the real nature of his origin. But this, as happened when St. Germanus the younger, though also the son of an Irish clan, received the name of the holy Bishop of Auxerre, was no unprecedented occurrence, and in no way touches the fact that in the words of the present learned Bishop of the see of St. Gall, "Boniface was a born Irishman, both on the mother's and the father's side." I may conclude this brief reference to the Apostolate of the Irish Church in Europe by the suggestive enumeration which Montalembert gives of the chief monasteries founded at this time by the Irish out of their own country. Thirteen Irish monasteries rose in Scotland, twelve in England, seven in France, twelve in Brittany, ten in Alsace, sixteen in Bavaria, fifteen in Switzerland, the Tyrol, and along the Danube, six in Italy itself, besides many more in the Netherlands of the present day. "And that it may be fully apparent," continues the historian of the monks of the West, "how great was the zeal and virtue of which those monastic colonies were at once the product and the centre, let us give an analogous list of saints of Irish origin, whom the gratitude of nations, converted, edified, and civilized by them, have placed upon their altars as patrons and authors of those churches whose foundations they watered with their blood: a hundred and fifty Irish saints, of whom thirty-six were martyrs, are venerated in the churches of Germany, forty-five in Gaul, thirty in Belgium, thirteen in Italy, eight—all martyrs—in Scandinavia, and even in Iceland." From the fifth to the tenth centuries Rome was not only at Rome, but at Lismore and Clonmacnoise, at Clonard and Bangor, at Durrow and Armagh, and among the three thousand monks

and scholars who prayed and studied under the successors of the great St. Enda in the twenty lauras of storm-swept Arran.

VI.—IRELAND THE UNIVERSITY OF EUROPE.

Not less all-embracing was the activity which the Irish displayed in the cultivation and diffusion of letters and learning. The materialistic sciolists of our age prate of the conflict of religion and science, but all the history of Christendom and the history of Christian Ireland in particular exposes the inexpressible absurdity of the paltry and ridiculous falsehood. While Ireland was the monastery of Europe, she was also its university. She gave back with interest the gift she had received. In Colgan's *Life of St. Patrick* we find the account of the origin of the system of instruction which was to transform the sons of the Gaelic pirates into the professoriate of Christendom. "Patrick sent Olcan, burning with the creed of knowledge, to pursue the higher studies in Gaul—*Discendi aviditate ardentem Olcanum, altiorum studiorum causa, misit Patricius in Gallias*—where he made fruit in sacred letters and in every better literature, so that on his return to his country he might open public schools and become the common master of many directors and masters—*Multorumque antistitum et magistrorum communis magister.*" That was about the middle of the fifth century, and the south of Gaul still preserved no small part of the exceptional culture which had always distinguished the Roman Provincia. Marseilles, the daughter of Hellas, united in her rich and luxurious society the civilization of Greece and Latium. The flower of the polished youth of Provence and Aquitaine had long since been seized with the propensity, so fatal in the eyes of senatorial personages, of suddenly flying from the pleasures and the tumults of the world to the ascetic retreats of Marmoutiers and Lerins. St. Severus was of illustrious birth. St. Paulinus had been prætor and consul, and as such had glittered by the side of a Roman emperor. St. Honoratus had been destined by a proconsular father for the highest dignities of the state, and had even been withheld for years from baptism by the paternal authority, in order to lessen the risk of the heir to so many glories falling into the hands of those dreadful clerics. It was, then, to men imbued with the highest culture of antique civilization, as well as with the most ardent inspirations of Christian religion, that St. Patrick, himself a disciple of the famous school of Lerins, had sent for instruction and training the future teacher of the teachers of Ireland. A few generations later Southern Gaul had sadly fallen off from the culture of St. Patrick's time, but in the sixth century the pupils of Olcan had covered their green Erin with twenty Lerins, with a hundred Marmoutiers.

Ozanam and Montalembert, especially the latter, have done much to popularize the knowledge of the Irish schools from the sixth to the tenth centuries. The Catholic zeal of both these distinguished men has, however, created a suspicion, though a most unfounded one, that the desire to attribute a certain miraculous virtue to the effects of Patrick's mission was not without its influence upon their estimate of the intellectual activity of the Christianized Irish. That the monks of Erin were the Apostles of the West might be granted. That they cultivated the traditions of antique letters with hardly less devotion than the Divine science, that the verses of Homer were the delight of the ascetic scholars of Clonard, and that the philosophy of Plato was the theme of eloquent professors who readily passed from their Gaelic tongue to the language of Cicero and Virgil; this was a portent not to be reconciled with

the well-known hatred of the Church for classical refinement, and with the proverbial darkness of the dark ages. The independent researches of rationalistic *savants* have confirmed the discoveries of the Catholic writers. No admirer of the Christian excellence of primitive Erin can exceed the warmth of the recognition accorded to the Irish schools and scholars by M. Haureau, the brilliant and erudite freethinker, who has composed the ablest history of the scholastic philosophy appearing outside the pale of the Catholic Church. "If the history of the Irish schools be obscure," he says in one of his most attractive essays, "what we do know of it is all the more astonishing. In the sixth century there is a region of old Europe where the tradition of the Latin letters, of the Greek letters, has been preserved, where multitudes of young Christians sit at the feet of masters who teach them to understand not only Virgil, but Homer; and this region is Ireland. . . . It was in the year 795 that the Danes made their first descent upon Ireland. Down to the end of the eighth century, accordingly, the treasures of erudition amassed in Gaul by the Irish were preserved from every hurt; so that, while the rest of the Roman world was imbruted by the fury of the barbaric conquest, the schools of Ireland remained intact and flourishing, and famous masters professed before a numerous youth not only the eloquence and poesy of Latium, but the grammar and philosophy of Greece. . . . The ninth century begins for the Irish a long period of domestic afflictions, inasmuch as the Danes had at length established themselves in the country. The emigration of Irish scholars receives an additional incentive. The Irish masters fly to propagate in all lands their science and their philosophy. In all lands they are heard, admired, loaded with honors." It is thus that the misfortunes of individual nations often work to the advantage of general humanity. The savagery of the Saxon invasion had crowded Ireland with the flower of British Christianity at the very time when such auxiliaries were most urgently required for the wants of the rising Church and regenerated people. Now, in turn, Ireland had to feel the ferocious onset of the Northman's war, and while chief and kerne maintained the struggle for faith and fatherland, which culminated on the glorious day of Clontarf, the art and culture of the country, affrighted from levelled church and blazing cloister, sought a securer shelter on foreign shores, where they obtained refuge, established science, and introduced refinement. The invasions of the ninth century founded new Armaghs and Bangors in a hundred European vales, just as the misgovernment of the nineteenth century, culminating in the famine of a generation ago, has raised up a greater Ireland beyond the Atlantic, and rooted the religion of Patrick and Celestine in the settlements of the Puritans.

"It cannot be sufficiently repeated," we may say with the Comte de Montalembert, "that Ireland was regarded by all Christian Europe as the principal centre of learning and piety. In the shelter of its numberless monasteries a crowd of missionaries, doctors, and preachers were educated. . . . A vast and continual development of literary and religious effort is there apparent, superior to anything that could be seen in any other country of Europe. Architecture, carving, metallurgy were successfully cultivated, without speaking of music, which continued to flourish both among the learned and among the people. The classic languages—not only Latin but Greek—were cultivated, spoken, and written with a sort of passionate pedantry which shows at least how powerful was the sway of intellectual influences over those ardent souls. Their mania for Greek was even carried so far that

they wrote the Latin of the Church books in Hellenic characters." The oldest manuscripts of the Continent are by Irish hands, like that Horace discovered in the library of Berne, written throughout in the Keltic alphabet, and with notes and commentaries in Irish. In writing to his friend Pedolius, the grave Columban relaxes so far as to illustrate the evils of avarice from the tale of the dangers which accompanied the voyage of the Argonauts in quest of the Golden Fleece, and the destruction which followed the strife of the three goddesses on Ida for the possession of a golden apple. Neither was the stern reformer of the Gauls under any hesitation about casting his thoughts into soft Adonic measures, and quoting the example of the gentle and illustrious Sappho.

Trojugenarum
Inclyta vates
Nomine Sappho
Versibus istis
Dulce solebat
Edere carmen

said the pious but accomplished Patriarch.

One of the literary treasures of St. Columbkill, a famous transcript of the Scriptures, about which there was a famous and bloody copyright suit, long continued to be borne about as a palladium of victory in the battle front of his kinsmen of the Clan O'Donnell, and verses from his Odes and Elegies are still current as affording some of the finest examples of Irish patriotism or Chauvinism; as for instance, when he sings, in the midst of his missionary labors in Iona, "There is a gray eye ever turns to Erin," or far more outspoken, "Better death in faultless Ireland than life without end in Albin." In the midst of the tortures which preceded his martyrdom, St. Livinus, the Apostle of Ghent, recalled the memory of the days when "his lyre, bathed in the Castalian stream," won the applauses of the worshippers of the muses in the schools of Erin. The learned Cummian was such a Philhellene, that in his Latin disputation with some doctors of the Continent, he was in the habit of so studding his orations with Grecisms, of using so many Hellenic nouns and adjectives with a mere Latinizing of their terminations, that he must most usually have attained the object dearest of all to the pedantic heart, of puzzling rather than convincing his auditory. St. Roding founded the monastic school of Beaulieu in the Argonne; St. Furcy the famous one of Lagny. St. Virgilius, a son of the Clan O'Ferrall, incurred the suspicion of heresy for his astronomical and geographical innovations in the see of Salzbourg. "Dobdan the Greek," as he deserved to be called, was Bishop of Chiemsee, and in the public school which he founded, *agmina discentium quam plurima habuit.* The *Ars Malrachani* and *Cruindmeli de Metrica ratione pauca* were the best text-books in the philological and grammatical science of the day; "what was especially Irish in the method of Malrachan being," in the words of Haureau, "that he passes from Greek to Latin, and explaining turn and turn the processes of the two languages, teaches them both at once by means of subtle and ingenious comparisons." Clemens Scotus, the great Irish grammarian of the school of the palace under Charlemagne, professes that in every science he has followed the Greeks as his masters, and one of the works which have come down from him is a minute parallel between the Latin and Hellenic idioms. The monk Dichuil was the author of a valuable treatise, *De Mensura Orbis Terræ;* Scotus Erigena knew Greek like a scholar of the sixteenth century; Marianus Scotus surpassed all the other chroniclers of the early middle ages; and I might still enumerate the names of Irish scholars, and still be at the commencement of my enumeration. In the widest sense in which the phrase can be used, the

schools of Ireland were the universities of the entire West, the scholars of Ireland the professors of European Christendom.

VII.—IRELAND THE INSTRUCTOR OF ENGLAND.

But in her zeal for the culture of the Continent, did Ireland turn the back on the neighboring country of England; or, like the injured Britons, did the Irish priests and scholars refuse to aid the formation and development of that new Christian nation which was rising out of the carnage and superstition of the fierce pagans of Hengist and Aella and Cerdic? We know how terrible was the hate which the remnant of the British people continued to nourish against the wasters of their land and the exterminators of their kindred. When the pagan Mercians of Penda crushed the Christian army of Eadwine of Northumbria, and slew the royal convert of Paulinus, the British Cadwallon was the ally of the heathen, and no sword drank more deeply than his of the blood of the Christian English. Nor was the hate unreturned. Even the venerable Bæda stops the course of his narrative to breathe a grateful reflection over the providential slaughter of the inoffensive monks of Cambrian Bangor by a horde of English pagans.

Not such was the policy of Christian Erin. To oppose the political triumph of the Saxon invaders might be the steady aim of the federal monarchs of Ireland, just as later it was their object to further the cause of the trampled Saxons against the Norman conquerors. But the Irish Church threw itself with all its powers into the work of the English conversion in the first place, and of the English civilization when conversion was producing its natural fruits. In a special and peculiar sense, Ireland, which was the University of Europe, became the University of England. In the words of Montalembert, "The Irish monasteries opened their doors with admirable generosity to strangers from every country and of every condition; above all to those who came from England, some to end their lives in an Irish cloister, some to search from house to house for books and masters to explain those books. *The Anglo-Saxons were of all nations the one which derived most profit from the teaching of the Irish schools.*" Nobles and churls alike, says Bæda, crowded to Ireland, where the Scots gave them "food, books, and teaching daily, without payment in return." It is difficult to find an English scholar of the slightest note of whom, if any details are recorded of his history, it is not stated that he had been educated in Ireland or by Irish masters. To Ireland went Ægilvin of Lincoln—*Hiberniam gratia legendi adiit, et bene instructus patriam rediit.* Thither went Agilbert to receive the instruction which was to raise him to the see of Paris. Thither went the wise Ælfred, as the biographer of St. Cuthbert tells us, and from Ireland the great king brought the ablest of the helpers by whom he sought to repair the ruin of the Danish devastations. Aldhelm writes how in his time the English students went to Ireland in legions on board of whole fleets. *Catervatim lectores classibus advecti confluunt.*

A TRUE KNIGHT.

THOUGH he lived and died among us,
Yet his name may be enrolled
With the knights whose deeds of daring
Ancient chronicles have told.

Still a stripling, he encountered
Poverty, and struggled long,
Gathering force from every effort,
Till he knew his arm was strong.

Then his heart and life he offered
To his radiant mistress, Truth;
Never thought, or dream, or faltering,
Marred the promise of his youth.

And he rode forth to defend her
And her peerless worth proclaim,
Challenging each recreant doubter
Who aspersed her spotless name.

First upon his path stood Ignorance,
Hideous in his brutal might,
Hard the blows and long the battle,
Ere the monster took to flight.

Then, with light and fearless spirit,
Prejudice he dared to brave,
Hunting back the lying craven
To her black, sulphureous cave.

Followed by his servile minions,
That old giant, Custom, rose,
Yet he, too, at last was conquered
By the good knight's weighty blows.

Then he turned, and, flushed with victory,
Struck upon the brazen shield
Of the world's great king, Opinion,
And defied him to the field.

Once again he rose a conqueror,
And though wounded in the fight,
With a dying smile of triumph
Saw that Truth had gained her right.

On his failing ear re-echoing
Came the shouting round her throne;
Little cared he that no future
With her name would link his own.

Spent with many a hardfought battle,
Slowly ebbed his life away,
And the crowd that flocked to greet her
Trampled on him where he lay.

Gathering all his strength, he saw her
Crowned, and reigning in her pride,
Looked his last upon her beauty,
Raised his eyes to God, and died.

BETWEEN TWELVE AND ONE.

"THEN you will not take this silver watch, Mr. Western? It belonged to my dear, blessed husband."

Thus spoke Widow Haslar to the master of the house, as she pressed upon him this little remains of her former possessions. "I hoped you would take it in payment of the rent I owe for my attic. I have had a bad time; the cold has been so severe that work has been scarce."

Mr. Western, a little shrunken old man, with features that might have been cut out of stone, and clad in a long gray coat, pushed aside the valueless watch, and shook his head with its thin gray hair, much as might have been done by a galvanized corpse, and cold and gravelike was indeed the appearance of the little room which served for the abode of the master of the house. A worm-eaten old desk, dirty unwhitewashed walls, furnished with closets with large cracks, small barred windows, which shut out almost every ray of sunshine, and a little iron stove, rusty and unheated—such was the abode of the master of the house; a man who was said to possess wealth beyond calculation.

But though this man, who never left the house, or imparted to any one the secret of his riches, was cried out against as a niggard and a misanthrope, he was not the less sought after, for Mr. Western lent money. It was especially persons of the better class, whose poverty made them ashamed, who sought the obscure dwelling, which could be reached quite privately through a narrow unfrequented street.

"I will give you five shillings for that thing, Mrs. Haslar, no more," he said, decidedly; "and if I do not receive the rent for the half-year within an hour, I shall turn you out to-morrow."

"Be merciful, Mr. Western!" The widow clasped her hands, as she continued: "I have children too to care for; do you know what it is to have children to bring up, when the bread-winner has been taken away in his prime?"

"Then why have you children?" said the landlord dryly; "if you had no children there would be no need for you to beg."

The widow's pale countenance flushed, but she controlled herself and answered: "Oh, Mr. Western, if you only knew what a pleasure it is to have dear children of your own! The care of them is a pleasure, and after awhile they become our comfort, and our support; but you cannot understand all this. You live alone."

"Alone!" The old man's voice sounded hoarse. He turned away.

"It is very probable," continued Mrs. Haslar, "that if you had had any one whose affections were fixed on you, who required your care, with whom you could have rejoiced in your hours of happiness, and wept in your hours of sorrow, you would not be thus hard upon the gentler emotions of humanity."

The old man smiled grimly. "Do you think so, good woman?" he asked. "Work away, torment yourself for your children if you please; we shall see whether you get any thanks. Ha, ha! you look for a happy old age, and you have children. If they are sons they will steal your last penny; if they are daughters they will leave you. Love, nonsense; it is all fancy. There is one thing that governs the world, and that is money—money I say. Remember the rent, and now go."

The widow looked at him fixedly. "You are very unfortunate," she said quietly.

Unfortunate? A wild kind of pleasure was in the old man's voice as he replied: "On the contrary, I have found out the nothingness of what men call feeling. It is a deceitful thing that leads us astray and costs a good deal of money. Pity, confidence, love—they are all alike."

"Poor man! In spite of your riches I do not envy you. You are lost here and hereafter."

"And if I am, I have to thank those who robbed me of my belief in the truth of man, and the love of children—my nearest relatives. Look here, Mrs. Haslar, I was also at one time one of the blind people who believe in those virtues. I was a widower, and had a daughter. She was a dear child. I called her the joy of my life when she kissed me caressingly. At that time I could rejoice with the happy, and if a poor man addressed me, I never said no. I did not then live on lending money, my house of business was respected and well situated. I had a nephew," he continued, after a pause, "a blustering fellow, taken out of pity, but who was useful to me in my business. He contrived to befool my daughter, so that she loved him better than her father, and though I refused my consent, and gave her choice between the young man or her father's curse, she left me without a parting word; she went off with him, and with them went the contents of the coffer in which I kept my money. I wandered away from my home, I came to this town, and grew clever—clever."

The old man's voice trembled; tears stood in the widow's eyes.

"And have you never heard of your daughter since? Never troubled yourself about her fate? Whether she repented?"

"Stuff! repentance—hypocrisy."

"If things should go badly with her?" continued the widow.

"So much the better."

"And suppose she should have children? Your grandchildren, Mr. Western. Have you no longing after your grandchildren?"

"No; I hate the young people of the present day, but I hope that the daughter who thus deceived her father may be a mother, that she may be repaid for what she did to me."

Mrs. Haslar turned to depart. "One whose heart is hardened like yours, Mr. Western," she said sadly, "can feel but little pity for a poor widow. I will try to borrow the money from a good kind woman, whom I know; I will come back in an hour. May God meanwhile send a ray of his mercy into your heart."

She left the room. The landlord looked after her in deep thought. Then he laughed scornfully. "Children! Yes, they may serve very well as a pretext for enticing money out of one's purse. Let her bring me my rent. Certainly it is not much, but there will be more hereafter."

He opened one of the worm-eaten

closets which was filled with little iron cases in which his treasure was concealed. They represented the value of costly goods of all kinds, mostly unredeemed pledges now inclosed in these cases as gold pieces. His eyes feasted on the mammon, his fingers touched it—suddenly he stopped, "For whom?" he asked.

And the words of the widow were burned as in fiery letters into his soul. Words which like a grain of corn had entered his soul and suddenly sprung up in full fruit: "My grandson!"

He could not get rid of this thought. Angry at his own weakness he cried aloud: "You would rob your grandfather if you only knew of his riches; you would curse him if he would not satisfy your avaricious desires. Her children can never turn out well, for is it not written in the Scriptures, 'An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth?'"

There was a gentle knock at the door.

The closets were suddenly closed. No one could suspect what they concealed. The old man called out gruffly, "Come in."

The door opened, and a young girl entered with slow and timid steps. She might be about eighteen years old. In spite of the cold her dress was very poor and scanty, though extremely neat, and her lovely face was pale and suffering. "Good morning, sir," she said as she remained standing near the door in evident embarrassment, ashamed of her appearance there: "I should like—I should wish—"

"To pledge something?" said the old man roughly, concealing a momentary softness of feeling under an additional harshness of manner. "Let me see," he said, "you must pay upon the trinkets I already have, before I can take any fresh ones; besides you ask too much. There is something wrong about all this. I must know with whom I have to do."

"Sir!" said the poor girl, as tears rose to her eyes, "we are poor, very poor, but honest."

"I know the old story when these loans are wanted. I dare say you have a sick mother."

"Yes, sir; and I should not come to you, but under the pressure of the greatest necessity," replied the maiden calmly.

The pawnbroker cast down his eyes. The girl's words went through his heart, but he laughed roughly as he exclaimed: "Folly! that will not do for me. I should like to ask what need there is for poor people to buy silver scissors, thimbles, and such like; that is the way! But it is no affair of mine. Businesss is business. What have you to-day?"

With difficulty repressing her tears, the girl brought out a small gold cross and offered it to the old man in silence.

"Not worth much," said he, after carefully examining it with a contemptuous look. "I will give you five shillings for it, and that will buy you a pretty little shawl for Sunday."

"Give me three times that," said the maiden as she held up her hands imploringly. "I have urgent need of it."

"Five shillings, not a penny more."

"It is for my mother, sir," and her tone became more earnest. "My father died early, and my mother has injured her health by sitting up late at work, in order to give me a good education. For about a year things went on pretty well, then she got ill, and could no longer help. At night when she is asleep I light my lamp, and work for us both, but I am not strong, and her illness requires a great deal of care. Any trifles which I may call my own, and which are the remains of better times, I willingly part with for her; I would give my life for her if I could. Is it not the duty of a child? Does she not deserve it? I beg you to trust to my honor; when better times come I will do what I can to

repay the debt. For my sick mother's sake do not send me away. I could appeal to the pity of several people who are well off, but as long as I have eyes and hands for work, and I possess any article of value, I think there are other people even yet more unfortunate and more deserving of help than we are."

The old man made no reply. He had turned away, and murmured to himself, "Perhaps Mrs. Haslar is right. Perhaps there is such a thing as filial love. Stuff! We will see how soon this farce will come to an end."

A thought seemed to have entered his mind. He turned his face to the girl. It was darker and harder than ever. "I will not take this thing," he said, looking at the cross, "but I have another proposal to make you, by which you may gain not fifteen shillings, but three pounds."

A flush of joy spread over the pale features of the maiden. "Oh, tell me!" she said, "I will do anything that I can with honor."

"Perhaps she thinks I am going to make her a proposal," said the pawnbroker laughing. "Some days ago a dealer in hair was telling me of the fashion now in vogue for ladies to wear false hair, and that this was rather scarce in the market. You have beautiful fair tresses. I will give you three pounds for them."

"My hair!" exclaimed the girl. "It is my dear mother's delight and pride," she whispered almost inaudibly.

The old man laughed triumphantly. "Look there! I knew it would be so. Vanity and filial love are bad companions."

"You are mistaken, sir," said the girl, now quite calm and composed. "It is true that I rejoice in this gift of nature, but I do not for a moment hesitate to give it up for my mother's good. I do not know how I shall tell her about it, but with three pounds—can I not redeem all my pledges? Come, sir, I am quite ready for you."

The old man cast a long look on the face of the girl, now a little flushed with emotion. "Sit down," he said sharply, pointing to a chair.

The girl sat down, and the old man, armed with a large pair of scissors, went behind her. "Unfasten your hair."

The long fair hair fell around her like a mantle. The old man took up his scissors and opened and shut them, but without inclosing any of the tresses. He looked at her face; it was pale but quite composed.

Again he resumed his work and passed the cold steel across the maiden's neck. "Three pounds!" The words came forth almost with a sigh, but yet a smile shone over her quiet features. The scissors fell with a clang to the ground.

The girl rose. Christian Western was not behind her; the hard miser stood at a little distance, and tears were rolling down his cheeks.

She fell at his feet. "Poor man!" she said, "you are unhappy. What is the matter? What do you want?"

"What do I want?" he repeated in a voice of despair. "A heart, heart! as full of love and truth as is the soul of this child. What do I want? I want love, love for the solitary, the desolate, the childless."

"Do you call yourself lonely and desolate?" said the girl, warmly. "Do you feel the need of affection? Oh! do not despair. I am sure you are not a bad man. I read it in your eyes. You can even weep—and if a poor weak child like Anna Roberts is able to bring you to a better opinion of human nature—"

"Anna Roberts!" Western seemed to receive an electric shock. "Is your name Anna Roberts?"

"Yes, sir; the Christian name is that of my dear mother."

"And were you born in this place?"

"No, sir. When my deceased father returned from America, he settled here; but only to die, when I was still very young."

"From America?" The old man seemed moved. He sank down on the seat from which the maiden had just risen, and Anna Roberts took a low stool by his side. "Have you relatives," he said, "any family? Tell me all."

"Excuse me," she said, "at least for to-day. It will only make you sad, and you ought to be cheered."

"No, no," he said; "I must know the whole." His voice had the tone of a command. "But truth; for your mother's sake, the simple truth."

"Yes, surely. It is a short story which I have to tell you, though so full of sorrow."

"Against the wish of her father, who was a tradesman in the capital, my mother secretly married a young man whom she loved, and left her home with him. She foolishly believed that her father's anger would soon pass away and that he would again receive her into his house and his heart. They sent letter after letter to him, but no answer was ever returned. Her father's curse oppressed her heavily, and distressed the early happiness of her marriage. My father was now attacked by sickness, he lost what property he had possessed, and in an almost dying state he returned to his own country with his wife and child, and broken-hearted. His mind was always occupied about his wife and daughter; he cared for us till his last breath. On his deathbed he made a fearful disclosure to his wife. Not only had he deprived her father, his benefactor, of his daughter, but he had besides taken a considerable sum of money from the cash-box. Without suspecting it my poor mother had become an accomplice in a crime."

"Without suspecting it!" repeated the old man in a stifled voice.

"My poor father had repeatedly written to the injured man to confess his crime, but no answer came. His letters were returned. Christian Western had left London, and no trace of him was to be found. It was rumored that he had died abroad."

"And after Roberts's death?" said the old man, almost inaudibly.

"We worked hard to support ourselves till my dear mother fell ill. Sorrow was in great part the cause of this, for all her endeavors to find the father whom she still loved were in vain. But she taught me to pray for him from my earliest childhood; for his soul, if he had passed away; for his happiness and peace of mind, if he still lived. And I assure you, sir, I pray gladly for the old man whom I shall never see—he is my grandfather."

The old man arose. "The grandfather to whom you have restored faith, love, children, everything, is here! And she was guiltless of the crime in which I supposed her to have had a part—and she is suffering, is in want!"

Anna looked in amazement at the old man. The expression of her face was half terror, half a pleased anticipation of good.

Mrs. Haslar appeared at the door. "Here is your rent, Mr. Western; it is just striking one. Thank heaven, there are yet good people left who believe in the existence of truth and honor; who—"

"Keep your money," said the old man almost gayly; "you shall live in future rent free. The hour which you hoped might enlighten my heart, by God's mercy has done so. You faithful child! I am Christian Western, and I will as far as possible make every amends for all the suffering that I have ever caused by my hard avarice. I am your grandfather."

He clasped the weeping girl in his arms. The widow stood by with tears in her eyes. One o'clock sounded from the church tower, and at that moment a ray of sunshine stole through the window as if with a promise of the calm brightness which should illuminate the last days of the "desolate" old man.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE mission of the Apostolic Delegate, Dr. Conroy, Bishop of Ardagh, Ireland, to Canada, is one of the most important events that have taken place in American Catholic history for many years. He comes to settle a variety of questions that have long disquieted the Catholic Church in Canada, and to arrange the details by which it can co-operate better with the State in that important possession of the British Empire.

And right worthily has he commenced his work, and right hospitably has he been received. His first act was the consecration of Dr. Hannan as Archbishop of Halifax.

Of him a contemporary says: "Dr. Hannan is a man about sixty-three or sixty-four, who looks not more than fifty-eight. He is an Irishman, and carries his nationality not only in his name, but on his tongue. For thirty years and more he has labored as a priest in that city, and during that time he has seen a mere mission become a bishopric and then an archbishopric. He has seen two or three priests of Halifax become ten, and all over the Province he has seen the little churches grow into large ones, and with them a corresponding increase of the societies within the Church, which contribute so greatly to its success, and which in themselves evidence its prosperity. Much of all this has been and is due to the shrewdness, industry, zeal, and devotion of Dr. Hannan. He has been for many years one of the Commissioners of the Common Schools, a delicate position for a zealous Catholic priest in these days; but he was ever the most popular member of it, and there were many teachers all over the Province, as well as in the city, who felt that when he left the board their profession had lost one of its best friends. He is not a very eloquent man in the sense of being a good platform speaker, but his sermons are models of practical moral sermons, and clear expositions of the teachings of the Church."

Bishop Conroy arrived at Quebec on April 24th, where he was welcomed by the Mayor and other officials. He was received at the Basilica of Notre Dame by the archbishops and bishops of the Province.

In Montreal the 3d of June was a memorable day. It was the anniversary of the fiftieth year of the episcopacy of our Holy Father on the one hand, and it signalized the reception of the Papal Ablegate on the other. Monseigneur Conroy arrived in Montreal, at 8 A.M., on Saturday, June 2d, and proceeded to the Parish Church, where Mass was said. On Sunday, June 3d, he took part in the great procession of the Holy Sacrament, which was one of the finest ever witnessed on the continent. In the evening he gave benediction and sang the Te Deum at the Cathedral. On June the 4th Dr. Conroy held a reception at the Bishop's Palace. On Tuesday there was an academic *séance*, and an address was presented to the Ablegate in the name of the Catholic population of Montreal.

THE chief ceremonies at Rome on the 3d of June took place at the Church of St. Peter's Chains, where the Pope was consecrated bishop fifty years ago. Here were assembled nearly two hundred bishops. The reception of the native pilgrims at the Vatican also took place then; and His Holiness was somewhat overcome by the fatigue and excitement. He had been receiving pilgrims from France, Switzerland, England, Scotland, Germany, Ireland and America for two weeks before, delivering addresses, and making remarks to persons individually. The wonder is that the burden of eighty-five years of an active life is so well borne.

FOR many years past certain names have been household words among Catholics in America, and one will be sure to hear of them very frequently mentioned in lectures, debates, and speeches. The part which Catholics took in the struggle for freedom which resulted in the national independence could hardly be referred to without mention of the name of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, the only signer of the Declaration of Independence who professed the Catholic faith. The history of the Church in America could not be referred to, and the life of his relative, the first Archbishop of Baltimore, be left unmentioned. The great deeds of the Irish in America, and the services they have conferred by their valor on land and sea, ought surely to be coupled with the name of Commodore Jack Barry, and no temperance advocate but is familiar with the name of Father Matthew, whose fame is literally world-wide by his labors in connection with the cause of total abstinence.

The magnificent fountain, which is surrounded by the statues of four great and well-known names, will be dedicated on July 4th, and presented to the city of Philadelphia by the representatives of the Temperance Societies of that city. Its cost is $50,000, most of which has been contributed in Philadelphia.

THE temporary character of efforts like those of Moody and Sankey, Hammond, and other revivalists, has been brought out lately very strikingly by a reporter of one of the New York dailies. He says that almost invariably the attendance on the Protestant churches is slim, the audience only dotting the sittings here and there, few and far between, whilst at the Catholic churches, he finds great crowds of ardent worshippers, the immense churches showing but few, if any, vacant sittings. The cause of this state of affairs is thus stated. "Moody and Sankey organized a vast and expensive machinery for religious work; they enjoyed the aid of a large number of pastors; they were heralded as evangelists of remarkable success; they were the talk of the town; and their meetings were thronged day and night. Brother Moody preached with all his power, and Brother Sankey poured his whole soul into his songs. The audiences seemed deeply impressed, the inquiry rooms were filled, and the evangelists rejoiced over their success. Yet now we find that the very denominations, the so-called evangelical, which gave the revival preachers their heartiest sympathy and strongest support, are the ones which generally fail to fill their churches; and when they do succeed in drawing large audiences it is in cases where preachers of exceptional eloquence and great popularity discourse to the people."

Exactly so. There is no reason why Protestants should go to church, except to hear good preaching or good singing. When these are lacking the interest flags. Now, neither good speaking nor good vocalization are, strictly speaking, religious operations; they are intellectual or æsthetic pleasures. But Catholics attend Mass in order to obey a command, and when present there is no necessity for either a sermon or good music, although both are desirable. In case of Protestants there is no fixed principle at work, only inclination; in the case of Catholics there is the operation of a law. A Catholic church is sure to be well attended if there are Catholics enough to fill it, although the preaching may be poor and the singing worse; but a Protestant church which has neither a good preacher nor a good choir, would soon fall under the hammer of the auctioneer.

THE celebrations in the United States in honor of the Episcopal Jubilee of Pope Pius IX were numerous. In New Orleans, St. Louis, Buffalo, Louisville, and other cities large processions took place. In nearly every church in the country the "Te Deum" was sung, and discourses eulogistic of the Pope delivered. The procession at St. Louis was one of the most imposing ever witnessed in the United States, 20,000 persons and 80 societies taking part in it, while the whole city was decorated with flags, and the population turned out to witness the display. In Montgomery, Alabama, fifty guns were fired; the Catholics of Philadelphia illuminated the Archbishop's house and Cathedral. The procession in Montreal on Corpus Christi, in honor of the Pope's jubilee and of the visit of the Papal Delegate and Nuncio, Bishop Conroy of Ardagh, was a magnificent affair also.

WE notice that Judge Pillsbury, of Pontiac, Ill., has decided that the directors of a public school have a right to dictate what books shall be studied and used, and can, therefore, order the Bible to be read as a text-book in connection with other studies. This decision was rendered in a suit brought by a Catholic, who had instructed his son to pay no attention when the Bible was read in school, but to go on studying his lessons. The lad was expelled, and the action of the schoolmistress was justified both by the trustees and the court.

So, in like manner, we suppose that the directors could order histories to be used as text-books, which represented the Reformation as a glorious event and Henry VIII, Elizabeth, and Cromwell as paragons of virtue, or "scientific" books which teach that man has been developed from a gorilla, and that virtue and vice are mere names, or geographies which represent France, Italy, Spain and Ireland as "sunk in superstition," and England, Germany, and Scotland as the reverse. There can, in fact, be no teaching of history, as a general thing, without a bias either for or against the Church, and the same can be said of many other branches of study. Great care ought therefore to be exercised over this subject, and parents should see to it that under pretence of being educated, their children are not being taught false views of history and of their religion.

THERE are 26,000,000 people in Italy. Of these, 22,000,000 are Catholics by hereditary descent. There are perhaps 4,000,000 of red-hot anti-Catholics. There are only 500,000 persons who possess the right of suffrage, and of these half do not vote.

These facts will explain how it is that the most anti-Catholic laws can be passed in Parliament without opposition. The people of Italy are not accustomed to political agitation; it is an art they have not learned. They have been so accustomed to be governed by others that even the most piously inclined think they do all that is required by praying in the churches; but they do not agitate for their rights.

THE word "pilgrim" is a good old word and has a certain definite meaning. It signifies one who travels to some holy city or shrine in a penitential spirit. It is a misapplication of words to call those pilgrims who are only ordinary visitors, who may travel for health or pleasure or curiosity. Such persons may do a very laudable work, but they are not pilgrims in the sense in which that word is used by the Church. Penance is the very essence of a religious pilgrimage, and none are true pilgrims who do not engage in it as a penitential, that is, as a disagreeable, distasteful task.

Of course, the methods of travelling have nothing to do with a pilgrim, as they vary in every age. But walking would seem more consonant with a pilgrimage than riding in Pullman cars or occupying state cabins. A "pilgrim" in olden times who would ride richly adorned on a finely caparisoned steed, and feast sumptuously at every hostlery or castle, employ his time in merriment or enjoyment, would not be entitled to consider this jaunt a pilgrimage. The pilgrims by the long-delayed City of Brussels had a good opportunity for exercise of patience, while their detention caused much anxiety.

IN accordance with its usual divine-given wisdom, the Holy See has determined to preserve strict neutrality between the governments of Russia and Turkey, during the present war. It has instructed the bishops in each country to act according to their consciences, and has left Catholics everywhere liberty to form their opinions regarding it. The only Catholics in Turkey who are in insurrection are the Miridites, a small tribe in the Province of Albania near Greece.

PRESIDENT MACMAHON has dismissed the Radical cabinet of Jules Simon and called to his councils one of Catholic tendencies. The Duke de Broglie is particularly a good Catholic. The change has caused a great commotion among the French Radicals, and both Radicals and Conservatives are preparing for an electoral struggle of no common vigor. It remains to be seen whether the action of the Marshal President will be supported by the popular vote or not.

THE Cathedral of Hartford, Conn., the corner-stone of which was laid lately, is on Farmington Avenue, one of the finest thoroughfares in the wealthy section of Hartford, and surrounded on all sides by the residences of prominent citizens. The architecture is of the Gothic style and the building will be cruciform; material of brown freestone, with elaborately carved trimmings of the same. Its length is 264 feet, with 178 in the transept, and 93 in the nave; on the front will be two spires 250 feet in height.

THE German Catholic Central Verein which met at Cleveland last month, passed a series of resolutions on the school question. It is to the credit of the German Catholics that they were zealous in this good cause, and that there are very few German Catholic parishes where there are not good parochial schools.

THE National Catholic Literary Union held a convention in New York city on the 30th and 31st of May, and elected Very Rev. Thomas Preston, of that city, president. With a priest of such high character and distinguished abilities at their head, and with an active and efficient secretary, there is no reason why the Union should not spread and increase.

THE appearance of a Dinotherium, or of some other prehistoric monster 20 feet long, walking along Broadway, could hardly excite greater curiosity or astonishment some forty years ago in England, than would have been the announcement that any one of intelligence had become a Catholic, a convert to Popery. Behold the change. We note, in a late English paper, it announced as a mere item of news that 800 persons have been received into the Catholic Church by the Redemptorist Fathers at Clapham, within a very few years, and we venture the assertion that not one of these but has had to suffer in some point, either worldly loss, social inconvenience, estrangement of friends, or in some other way.

IN 1077, eight hundred years ago, Henry IV, "Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire" and of Germany, made his submission to Pope St. Gregory VII in Camossa. In 1177 Frederick Barbarossa made his submission to Pope Alexander III at Venice.

In 1377 Pope Gregory XI re-established the Pontifical throne at Rome, after seventy years' residence at Avignon.

Now, in 1877, Pope Pius the Great celebrates the fiftieth year of his episcopate, and arraigns the government of Italy for her many crimes. Thus in every age the Papacy is assailed, and in every age it combats with vigor, and defends its rights with energy.

IN Massachusetts there are 234,000 Irish born people. The census shows that the children born to Irish mothers are much more numerous than to any other nationality, a fact which has been frequently asserted before, but which is now indisputably proved to be the case. The total foreign born population of Massachusetts is 418,000.

THE "True Story of the Vatican Council" is the title of a contribution by his Eminence Cardinal Manning to a new English periodical, the *Nineteenth Century*. It affords a real insight into the causes of the convocation of this great Council, and shows with what care and deliberation every step was taken. It shows, incidentally, also that it was by no means called together primarily for the purpose of defining Papal infallibility, but for the purpose of defining the doctrines of the Church in regard to a multitude of other questions, and of settling a great variety of points of discipline. We are glad to see the paper (which is a valuable contribution to the history of the age) reprinted in many of our exchanges.

THE Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions has secured permission from the Department of War and of the Interior for the Abbé Martin to visit the camps of the Sioux. This Abbé seems to be a worthy successor to the celebrated missionary, Father De Smet. We hope that he will be successful in his noble work of securing peace and harmony among the redskins.

WE should hope it was only a coincidence that the appointment of R. W. Thompson as Secretary of the Navy was made. He is a man who wrote a foolish book on *The Papacy and the Civil Power*, a sort of rehash of Gladstone's *Vaticanism*, and an effort to make out that the Catholic Church is opposed to civil government—a regular Know-Nothing, Bismarckian book. The appointment of such a man to a position seems to indicate that the President and his advisers are a little tinged with Grant's anti-Catholic prejudice. We hope not, but it looks bad; it has an "ill savor," as the old dramatists would say.

So great has been the increase of Catholics in Scotland that the question of restoring the Hierarchy in the land of Knox has been seriously mooted of late. The Pope in receiving the Scotch pilgrims at the Vatican lately, assured them that he would restore the Hierarchy as soon as the numbers of the Scottish Catholics justified it.

THE History of the Catholic Church in the United States begins on the 25th of March, 1634, when the Ark and the Dove, with two hundred emigrants, mostly Catholics, arrived at St. Clements, a small island in the Chesapeake, in Maryland. On this day the Feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin, the Cross was erected; the Sacrifice of the Mass celebrated by Father Andrew White, S.J., and the Litany of the Cross recited. On the 27th of March the county of St. Mary was purchased from the Indians, the Governor, Leonard Calvert, and the city of St. Mary's founded.

The Catholic settlement of Maryland owes its foundation to a convert, Lord Baltimore, who procured the charter authorizing its settlement.

REV. EUGENE CASSIDY, of Brooklyn, is dead. He was pastor of one of the oldest parishes in Brooklyn, was born in the County Tyrone, Ireland, in 1812, and came to this country in 1846. Three years later he graduated at Fordham, and the same year was ordained by Archbishop Hughes.

ALTHOUGH the war has now been in progress nearly two months, we have to record no important battles or great sieges. Still Russia has by no means wasted the time, but has concentrated along the Danube, preparatory to crossing it in force, a large army of 250,000 men, and the Czar has taken the supreme command of it. The campaign in Asia has thus far resulted in a steady progress of the Russian armies towards Erzeroum, their objective point, and the capture by them of the cities of Ardahan and Bayazid.

On the other hand the Turkish fleets under the command of Hobart Pasha, an Englishman, have taken several places on the coast of the Black Sea, have succeeded in instigating an insurrection in Circassia, and in successfully repulsing the attacks on Batoum. As we go to press, it is stated that there appears to be little doubt but that Greece will declare war againt Turkey, so that in case of Russian successes she may put in a claim for parts of Thessaly, Albania, and other provinces inhabited by Greeks, as well as Crete. The latter island England is supposed to have an eye to. Although highly disapproving of Russian annexations, the latter power, by the way, has just gobbled up the Transvaal in South Africa, a country as large as Italy.

As faithful chroniclers of current events, the reception of General Grant in England deserves mention. There are, and will be of course, various and conflicting opinions about his character and course, but foreigners seldom follow the politics of this country very closely. To England, Grant is only known as the successful leader of the American armies, and has having been twice elected President. He is therefore a "lion" of no ordinary size, and his welcome in London society is intended as a tribute to a celebrated American.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ESSAYS AND REVIEWS. By Right Rev. J. L. Spalding, D.D., Bishop of Peoria. New York: The Catholic Publication Society, No. 9 Barclay Street. 1877.

The papers which make up this volume have a special value from the fact that they are all on subjects directly pertinent to the questions now under discussion. This becomes at once apparent on examination of the titles of the essays: "The Catholic Church in the United States, 1776–1876;" "The Persecution of the Church in the German Empire;" "Comparative Influence of Catholicism and Protestantism on National Prosperity: 1st. Wealth. 2d. Education. 3d. Morality;" "Prussia and the Church" (three essays); "German Journalism;" "Religion and Art."

The essays are written in a thoughtful spirit, discussing the subjects with which they deal on the ground of principles mostly admitted by non-Catholics as well as Catholics, and on this account are calculated to do much good wherever they find readers outside of the Church. To intelligent Catholic laymen they are valuable as furnishing them with facts and arguments suited for use in the questions which they must meet and discuss with their fellow non-Catholic citizens of the present day. These questions are very different in many respects from those with which a past generation were engaged. They do not grow out of controversies with Protestants in regard to special doctrines. Protestantism has lost all doctrinal character. It scarcely assumes to hold a definite position on any doctrinal subject whatever. It has developed, too, the disintegrating force of its essential principle so fully and evidently that no one regards the doctrinal positions of the various sects with any interest or attaches the slightest importance to them.

The controversy between the Church and the world has consequently everywhere widened out and requires a direct grappling with the principles which form the foundation of a revealed religion and a divinely established Church. This the Right Reverend author of the volume of essays before us evidently perceives; and while the topics of which he treats are only incidentally connected with these fundamental questions as testing the principles on which they depend, by their results and consequences, rather than by exhaustive discussions of the principles themselves, yet he writes always with those principles plainly in view, and his arguments have direct reference to them.

BESIDE THE WESTERN SEA: A collection of Poems. By Harriet M. Skidmore, ("Marie.") With an introduction by the Most Rev. J. S Alemany, D.D., Archbishop of San Francisco. New York: P. O'Shea, Publisher. 1877.

The author of this volume of poems has too humble an estimate by far of her productions. "The only merit," she says in her preface, "which these rhymes possess is the intention with which they were written, and which is stated in the dedication, viz., 'The greater glory of God, and the greater honor of his Immaculate Mother, his angels and saints.' And as the simple weed blooming by the wayside, and the sparrow uttering his feeble chirp in the meadows, thus present their acceptable tributes of praise to 'the dear All Father,' so may my humble verses be received as a like earnest, though infinitely less worthy, offering." "And if this, my poor mite, given to the cause of truth and virtue, find favor in his sight, then shall I ever rejoice that I have sung my simple songs, and woven my garland of wild verse-flowers 'Beside the Western Sea.'"

This is the estimate the author places upon these poems. But she does them and herself injustice. Some of them are very beautiful, inspired by the spirit of true poetry as well as by that of a fervent piety. Among these we may mention as specially impressing us, "The Tear-cleansed Scroll," "Ite ad Joseph," "Requiescat in Pace," "The De Profundis Bell," "The Truce of God."

The first portion of the volume is made up of several dramatic poems, entitled respectively, "The Cross and the Crescent," "The Siege of Granada," "The Ransomed Captive, or the Regeneration of Earth," "The Nativity." The full four hundred pages following contains poems, longer or shorter, on various subjects, all breathing a truly religious spirit, and revealing, to use the words of the Most Rev. Joseph Alemany, Archbishop of San Francisco, a "rare combination of poetical genius and Christian spirit."

BLANCHE COREY, OR SCENES IN MANY LANDS. By Patricia. New York: P. O'Shea, 37 Barclay Street. Philadelphia: Hennessy & Co., 909 Race Street. 1877.

A pleasant readable story, in which the scenes depicted are laid in Italy, Ireland, and America.